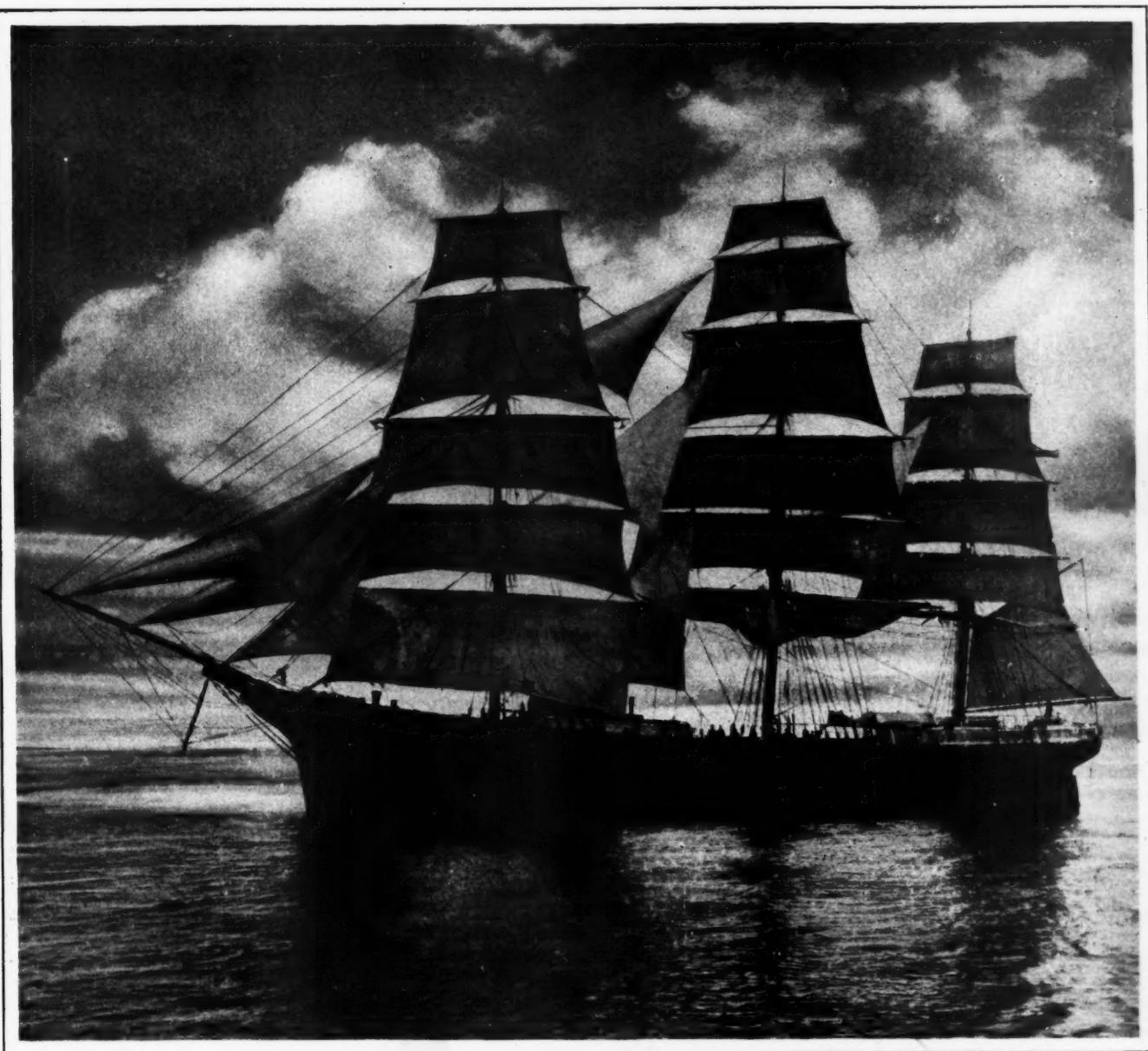


Hundredth Year

THE

February 24, 1927

YOUTH'S COMPANION

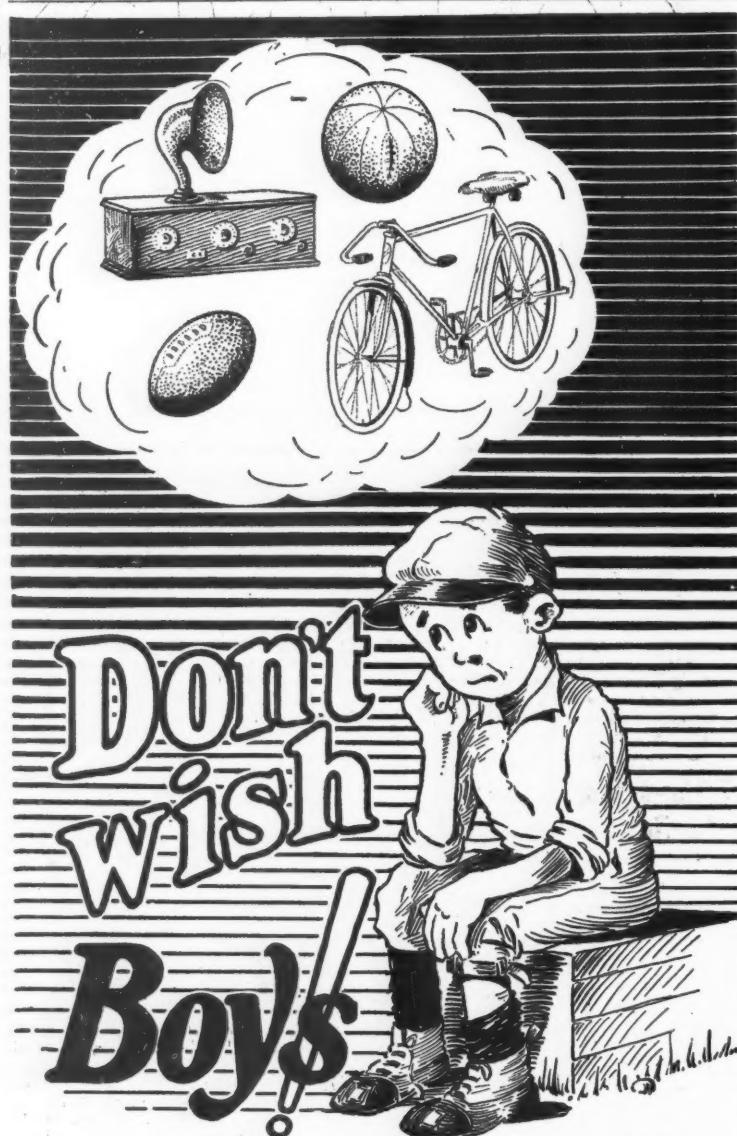


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Contents This Week

Caleb Peaslee on the Treatment of Invalids .. By FRANK K. RICH	134
When Wally Went to Boston By CHARLES B. HAWES	135
<i>A piper's holiday</i>	
Cameron MacBain, Backwoodsman—II ..	136
By H. M. SHERMAN AND H. DANIEL	
A Triumph of Youth By FRED GILMAN JOPP	138
<i>How George Young swam the Catalina Channel</i>	
Going to Mill. <i>Grist from the Old Farm</i> By C. A. STEPHENS	139
Fact and Comment: <i>Concerning Self-Government, Pocket Money, More About Joking</i> ..	140
This Busy World: <i>The Chinese Revolution, The Senate and Mr. Smith, The Mexican Crisis, A Wraith from the Past, Is North America Sinking? No Treaty with Turkey, A Curious Power Project</i> ..	140
Miscellany: <i>Faith and Doubt, Homemade Ailments, A Comedy of Captivity, Old Man Long Ago, How Rusty Found a Mother, When Taft "Kidded" Roosevelt, The Argumentum ad Hominem, The Best Motion Pictures</i> ..	141
<i>The Y. C. Lab, The National Society for Ingenious Boys</i> ..	142
<i>The G. Y. C., For All Girls Everywhere</i> ..	144
The Children's Page ..	146
Stamps to Stick ..	147



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Mr. Peaslee on the Treatment of Invalids

By FRANK K. RICH

"IT takes a facultied woman," observed Caleb Peaslee, "to git along in this world and turn a penny—and at the same time keep the good-will of everybody she has round her."

"Who's smart 'nough to 'complish all that?" asked Deacon Hyne.

"Esther Manset's the one I have in mind jest now," replied Caleb equably. "Like enough there's plenty others; not round here though, fur's I've noticed."

"I'm goin' to tell you jest what I mean," he went on. "Esther's had a boorder lately; a kind of invalid, but not in bodly ill-health—jest nervous and not able to sleep. So some doctor in the city told him to git out in the country and git rested up.

"You know what old lady Manset is—well-meanin', but the pryin' est kind of a woman that ever lived; so the fust evenin' the young feller was there she managed to worm out of him jest how he felt, and how he couldn't sleep, and what the doctor told him, and all. And Esther sot there sewin', and heard it all, of course."

"Wal, the next mornin' the young feller come downstairs to a late breakfast, and after he'd stood round a few minutes he let on that he wa'n't feelin' well 'nough to eat; so Esther drawed up a chair and went at him.

"She told him about her cousin over in Bradford township that was more or less the same way when he got through college, and jest what he done to git over it. And she was so earnest that the young feller wanted to know what her cousin done.

"Wal," Esther says, "he got him a hatchet and a drawshave, and he went down into an old spruce choppin' that'd come up thick with gray birch sprouts and went to cuttin' hoop poles and makin' out birch hoops; and in less'n a month he was eatin' like a hungry farm hand and sleepin' like a winter bear!" she says.

"The young feller was so interested that he wanted to know if she thought he c'd do the same.

"Wal," Esther says, "there ain't any hoop poles on my land nor near it—and it's the wrong time of the year to make hoops, anyway. But," she says, "it wa'n't the hoops—it was havin' somethin' for his hands to be busy with, to keep 'em from fidgin' and twiddlin'."

"Best thing I c'n call to mind quick," she says, "is that patch of bushes across the lower end of my field; mebbe if you took to cuttin' them it'd git your mind off'n sleepin', and like 'nough it'd tempt your app'tite so you c'd eat."

"Wal, he wanted to start right off then; but she held him back till she'd got her dishes washed, to make it seem more of a favor to him, and then she got out a bush scythe and an axe and went down with him and showed him how to go to work and where to windrow the brush; and then she come off and left him.

"He was prob'ly kind of gawmin' with the scythe," Caleb remarked conjecturally, "but he must have worked like a beaver, for he cleaned up that patch in two days. Esther told me he had a couple of blisters on his hands he was as proud of as if they'd been war medals. He et 'nough at supper time to make up for the breakfast he didn't feel like eatin', and he was ready to go to bed about as soon's it was dark under the table!"

"When he got the bushes cleaned out, she had a piece of stone wall that needed pilin' up, and a henhouse that wanted whitewashin', and more'n forty other things; a good three weeks' work for a man. And he done all those jobs and mended every day.

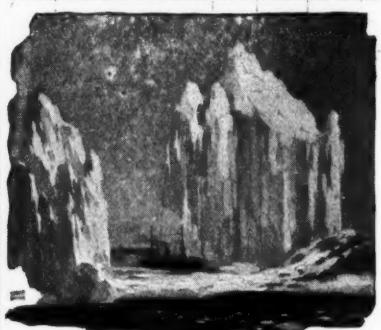
"When the time come he had to go he had a good thick tan and an app'tite that Esther said she'd hate to have to satisfy right along. And he slept eight hours every night, too, and he said he never felt better since he could remember.

"And," Esther says to me, "all I charged him, for a c'mplete cure was the value of what work he done on my place; and if he'd gone to some city doctor like 'nough he'd have had to pay a round price for it."

"As for me," she says, "I'm the better for near a month's work—though I didn't make as much on his board as I would have if his app'tite had stayed slim."

"A woman with lots of faculty, Esther is," Caleb concluded with approval. "A man couldn't have done it—I know I couldn't; not to save my life I couldn't!"

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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Wally pushed through the crowd and came close to a big man in Highland dress

When Wally Went to Boston

By CHARLES BOARDMAN HAWES

Illustrated by DUDLEY G. SUMMERS

WALLY MACDOUGALD stood before the great gate of the picnic ground, feeling very ill at ease. Through the gate streamed a large concourse of people: there were old men with clay pipes and canes; there were young men in kilts and tartans; there were laughing women with big picnic baskets and in gay holiday attire; there were solemn women marshaling whole droves of children whose bare knees stuck proudly forth below their tiny kilts and whose tow heads were crowned with ribboned bonnets set at jaunty angles.

Wally MacDougald had come all the way from Abol, with his bagpipes under his arm and his good suit in a carpet bag, to play at the meeting of the clans in Boston. And there he was at the picnic grove, not knowing a single soul in all the state, and as bashful before that huge crowd as a boy at his first party.

Wally mustered up his courage, paid his half-dollar to the doorkeeper, shifted under his left arm the pipes, which were wrapped in a white canvas bag, and, holding high his head, pushed into the grounds. All Abol had come down to the Landing to see him off. All Abol had prophesied a great triumph for Wally MacDougald. All Abol, from Joe Grackle and Angus MacCrimmon to Donald MacLaren and Ole Hardenson, was waiting in the far-away woods of Maine to hear tidings of how Wally MacDougald fared in the grand competition for pipers, held by the Boston clans and open to all the world.

Men who have spent all their lives in the deep forest are bashful before strangers, and even so was Wally MacDougald. His coat was not cut like any other coat he saw there; he wore moccasins on his feet instead of shoes; and his curly brown beard was sadly conspicuous among the smooth-shaven faces about him. Yet Wally MacDougald knew that on him the whole North Country was depending to bring credit to Abol by his piping, and that burden of responsibility was heavy on his shoulders; so he picked up his courage, pushed through the staring crowd and came close to a big man in Highland dress, with a whole row of medals on his chest, who apparently had much to do with superintending the gathering.

"Good afternoon," said Wally, in a voice that tried to be big and bold, "can ye tell

me where I'll go to get my name in for the open competition for the best piper?"

The man raised his eyebrows and looked at Wally as if he were no little surprised at Wally's presumption. His eyes traveled over Wally's figure from his moccasined feet to his curly beard, and a smile played on his lips. He lifted his bonnet and scratched his head. "Er—hae ye ever played in Boston before?"

"No, sir!"

"Hae ye, perhaps, played in New York?"

"I have not!"

"Weel, now it's a hard case to handle, but I'm a bit afraid you'd feel out of place before all the people dressed as ye are in ordinary clothes, and of course it takes great art to play the pipes weel enough fer so particular an audience, and—and—weel, on the whole, I'm afraid I'll hae to say ye no!"

"But, sir," stammered Wally, as indignation lubricated his tongue, "it's open to the world, it's so stated in all the cards,—and it is only my right—"

"All the more reason why it's no place for the inexperienced man!"

"But, sir, if ye'll listen to a wee bit of a tune, I'll—"

"Na, na! I'm busy, laddie; I'll bid ye good afternoon!" And the stranger turned and left Wally standing in his tracks.

And way up in Abol all the crews, men who knew Wally MacDougald, and swore by him, men who were no mean judges of the pipes, were expecting him to win great honor for Abol by his playing, and perhaps even bring home the gold medal that stood for first prize in the competition! Wally turned away with a heavy heart, wandered off by the entrance to the grove and sat a long time disconsolate.

At last, for sheer lack of anything better to do, he tuned the pipes and began to play a few bars from a favorite strathspey, "The Marketplace of Inverness." The crowd had

all gone in, and there was only the old doorkeeper, a stout old Scotchman, to listen to him; but the doorkeeper when he heard the music sat up, opened his eyes, stared at Wally MacDougald and cried in a wildly excited voice, "Laddie, you're clever—clever! Why don't ye play in yonder?"

"Eh, why don't I?" asked Wally bitterly and turned at the sound of footsteps.

DOWN the path came rushing a man who was very angry indeed. His hair was rumpled, his face was red, his hat was twisted, his eyes gleamed like the eyes of an angry turkey gobbler.

"What's the matter?" asked Wally.

"Matter!" he snapped, "Matter enough! Here I've come all the way from Toronto to dance at this miserable picnic, and my piper and my carpet bag didn't get here, and I've

no piper or pipes, and there's no one of these cocky Boston pipers'll play for me because

I've no clothes, and I'm going back to

Toronto as fast as ever I can, and may I be

hanged for a chicken thief if ever I come

again to this blighted town!"

Both Wally and the doorkeeper stared for a solid minute, too surprised to say a word; then the doorkeeper managed to blurt out, "Bless us, what do you think of that?"

"Well," said Wally, "it's glad I'd be to play for you if I had the chance, but they'll not even permit me to compete among the pipers, fer I've not the Highland dress—a sorry day it is that ever I left the woods to come to this accursed place." And Wally heaved a sigh.

"Can ye play the pipes?" demanded the stranger, for the first time seeing what was in Wally's hands.

"Can he?" cried the doorkeeper in an excited voice. "I should say he could! And is it only the Highland dress ye need? Laddie, laddie, mind the gate for me,—there'd be no end of trouble if they knew I left it, but

we'll forget all that and trust to luck,—bide my coming and I'll promise ye'll no be sorry!"

With that the doorkeeper rushed away, leaving Wally and the stranger staring appraisingly at each other. Somehow Wally's shyness seemed all at once to have left him, and without the least embarrassment he grinned at the stranger; but the stranger scratched his head and scowled darkly.

"Play me a fling!" he snapped all at once.

Wally threw the drones over his shoulder, caught the bag under his arm, filled it with wind, and played with a vim; and the stranger danced as Wally had never before seen a fling executed. Wally became excited. At the end of the fling he shook out a rattling jig and then a good old hornpipe, and the more the stranger danced the more excited did Wally become. Fling, jig and hornpipe the stranger danced, with no rest between, and then another fling. The two were just realizing that they had been left a good half-hour when they heard a crashing in the bushes and the puffing voice of the doorkeeper.

"Good! Good enough! Now, laddies, just run over behind them bushes and get into the clothes I've brought ye. Five men I borrowed from to make up the suits—much prayer and trouble it cost me, and the suits are not yet complete; but hurry back and enter the contest, fer I've told MacDonald there's a very good dancer entering anonymous,—ye see I didn't know your name,—and he'll be waiting fer ye. Hurry, and I'll be there myself to cheer ye on, fer I've hired a wee laddie to mind the gate fer me, even though it cost me a shilling!"

Then Wally MacDougald and the stranger, whom he had never seen before, rushed over behind the bushes and made shift of their clothing with all possible haste. It may be that the costumes were not complete, but when Wally and the stranger had arrayed themselves the careless observer would not have noticed much wrong. With bare knees thrust out below the kilts, tartans slung jauntily from the shoulder, and bonnets set at a rakish angle, they were so changed in appearance that the master of ceremonies himself recognized neither of them when they thrust themselves before him as saucily as you please.

"This way, lads," said he. "Will ye have your name announced?"

"I will not!" replied the stranger with an odd twinkle in his eye, and the two of them sat down on a bench and waited their turn.

At first, looking round at the great gathering, gay with bright colors, men and women in the Highland costumes, children crowded in here and there like funny miniatures of their elders, all with a background of fashionable gowns and shawls of the day, Wally was excited and embarrassed and did not think of the part he was to play in the long program. But as his first stage fright wore away he realized that he was only to pipe to another man's dancing, that he was not to enter the great contest at all, and that he must go back to Abol, unhonored and unknown, and report that he had played only second fiddle, so to speak, to the great pipers of Boston.

Wally caught a glimpse of the doorkeeper slipping through the crowd to a vacant seat well down in front and, chancing to meet his eye, tried to smile at him, but it was a wan, poor little smile.

WALLY did not notice the races that were being run, he did not notice them putting the weight and tossing the caber. His eyes were on the pipe band that marched out on the green grass, gay with green plaids and tartans and red stockings. His heart leaped with the ringing tune of the pipes all in unison. His mouth opened wide in wonder, and his eyes popped out of his head when he saw the bass drummer, spinning his sticks like a Chinese juggler tossing plates, over his head, under his arms, behind his back, this way and that, never losing a stroke and never missing his perfect time.

When the tune ended with a thrillly blare of the pipes and a soul-stirring bing-bang-

bing! of the big drum, Wally was almost off the edge of his chair and had clenched his finger nails into his palms. If he had not been out in front of all the people he would have joined in with the withered old man in dirty straw hat and the coat with the ripped seams who yelled at the top of his voice, "Hooray for Scotland!" Then Wally thought of the insignificant part he was to play in the day's proceedings and slumped from the topmost pinnacle of delight to the dark valley of despondency.

The dancers were good, but Wally had seen their equal, and when at last all the others had finished and it was the stranger's turn it was with a gloomy face and a sad heart that Wally took his place on the platform. For a while he was minded to slide back in the slough of despair, to play just a simple, commonplace tune that would acquit him of his part with little effort and furnish small inspiration to the dancer; but, looking at the stranger, he saw in the deep eyes a fierce glint that seemed half a twinkle and half a frown. Then, realizing that it was only fair for the stranger to have his chance, even though Wally himself could not compete, he bit his tongue to force himself to cheer up and instead of the ordinary tune he was contemplating chose the most difficult and the most stirring fling in all his repertoire.

At the first wild, crashing note the stranger's eyes lighted with satisfaction; at the beginning of the second bar the stranger leaped to his toes and was off. Wally caught the spirit of his swift rhythmic motion and played as he never had played before. The stranger's eyes were bright as diamonds; his slim body was poised with the grace of a young willow; the curve of his outstretched hands, the speed of his twinkling feet, the set of his well-poised head were a delight to look upon.

Grace notes rippled from under Wally's fingers in a steady stream of sound; the leaping tones poured from the chanter and blended with booming drones. Wally MacDougald was a good judge of dancing, and it came to him slowly that he was playing for a supreme master of the art. He was thrilled to his innermost soul, and, rising nobly to the occasion, he played the pipes as they were never played in Abol or in Boston. In a moment it was over; the stranger bowed, and Wally followed him from the platform.

There was not a sound from the audience. In despair at the lack of applause, Wally glanced round and saw that the doorkeeper was gaping as if he could not close his mouth, and there was not even the clapping of a kindly hand. Never in all his life had Wally made such a dismal failure, when he thought he had done so well, and he was blushing with shame to the very crown of his head, when all at once a roar like the falls of Abol burst from the grandstand and the bleachers, a din of handclapping and shouting and stamping and whooping that set dogs howling half a mile away, that sent leaves fluttering from the trees, that broke on the air with such a terrific crash that Wally could not hear his own heart throbbing.

Up to the stranger rushed the master of ceremonies and yelled with all the voice he could muster: "For goodness' sake, what is your name?"

The stranger's eyes glinted like steel. "My name? Farquhar Stevenson is my name."

"Farquhar Stevenson—the Farquhar Stevenson! Oh, my goodness!"

"Farquhar Stevenson!" yelled the doorkeeper. "The champion dancer of the Highland Fling in all Scotland!"

"Farquhar Stevenson!" gasped the crowd as the word spread from man to man. "He's

the champion fling and sword-dance dancer of Canada!"

"He won the belt given by the Duke of Argyll!"

"He holds the gold medal of the Caledonian Club of Montreal and the belt of the United Provinces!"

Wally MacDougald was staring big-eyed at his companion with never a thought for himself when suddenly he became aware that the man was trying to shake his hand, that a good half-dozen were asking his name, that four were trying to slap him on the back, that he couldn't move on account of the press. It was the master of ceremonies who spoke.

"We'll not ask you to compete, lad," he was saying. "There's no one here can hold a candle to you, and the medal is waiting for you whenever you want to take the trouble to carry it away; but will ye no play some tunes to the audience, for they're that wild over your playing that we'll not be able to send them away without they hear you?"

Seeing all the eyes that were turned on himself, Wally blushed all over with embarrassed joy, and was nodding his head, when he saw Farquhar Stevenson pushing to his side.

"Laddie," cried the great Farquhar, "I've danced in two continents, but never have I heard your equal for playing the pipes. If you'll take me, I'm thinking I'll visit you a wee in that Abol you was tellin' me about. Perhaps you and I can give the folk a pleasant evening sometime. What do you say?"

Wally MacDougald took Farquhar Stevenson by the hand and looked him in the eye and said nothing, but Farquhar understood.

And so it was that Wally MacDougald brought back to Abol a gold medal, a new friend, and great fame.

IN FOURTEEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER 2

IT is a two and one-half weeks' trip to the nearest railroad from Fort Seldon by boat. The trip is mostly through country populated by forests of willow, alder and pine that cover bluffs and sloping hills and dot the mountains visible hazily in the distance. In this sort of country Cameron was quite at home.

Now, as the cycle of twenty-four hours went round, adding day after day to the distance from Fort Seldon, Cameron became conscious of time and space as he had never appreciated them before. He had little conception of mileage, but he could tell that he was being carried far by the time it was taking to get where he was going.

At Fort Norman, Cameron saw his first horse. An Indian was sitting astride of the animal as the boat pulled in. Cameron had seen plenty of dogs and had been accustomed to their employment for hauling, but a horse had not as yet been taken so far north as Fort Seldon.

"What's that?" he couldn't help asking aloud.

A mounted policeman on leave, looking resplendent in his handsome scarlet coat, grinned broadly as he answered: "It's an equine, son—more commonly called a horse."

"Oh," said Cameron, his face flushing red. "Suppose to you it looks like a grown-up dog," said the officer, with a wink at those about him.

Cameron made no reply. He felt strangely self-conscious and awkward.

At Fort Providence Cameron saw his first building of any size—the Catholic Mission, a two-story frame structure that towered on the bluff above the Mackenzie River. Cameron reflected that it was larger than all the cabins in Fort Seldon put together, with the trading post thrown in.

Captain Roberts had honored the son of the Hudson's Bay factor. He had placed Cameron on his right at the captain's table. The captain always sat at the head. And Captain Roberts made the most of his commanding position. Dinner on board his boat, for the dignity and ceremony that went with it, would have done credit to a ship of state like the great Leviathan. The captain always waited until everyone else was seated before making his entry. Then he would march into the cabin, head erect, eyes beaming, dress immaculate, chin whiskers carefully combed, his cap cocked jauntily and the shining buttons of his coat clutching every button hole.

No one so much as thought of lifting a knife or fork to begin eating until the captain took his place at the head of the table. Then the clatter commenced with a vengeance as

if the diners were trying to make up for lost time.

Just before the boat reached Great Slave Lake, Cameron sighted a bull moose swimming in the river. He reported his discovery to the captain.

"Moose, eh?" said Captain Roberts, reaching for his rifle. "Well, I haven't had any moose steak for a long time." He bellowed instructions to the pilot to alter the course of the boat so that it would pull alongside the giant animal.

Cameron stood by, eyes dancing, as Captain Roberts sighted the rifle, bracing his body against the rail. The moose raised an antlered head and snorted in a terrified way at the approach of the boat. Hands below prepared to lasso the animal. Passengers crowded forward to watch the capture.

Crack! Just one short, sharp report and the head of the moose came up in a quick, plunging jerk. A little spot of blood showed behind the ear. The fore feet of the buck struck the water in a last, swishing splash. A rope swung out, circling the proud head. A few moments more and the moose was securely lashed and pulled aboard, where it was the object of admiring passengers.

"There, boy," said Captain Roberts, touching the body of the moose with the toe of his foot, "I guess maybe his royal highness won't add to the bill of fare, eh?" Orders were issued to the boat chef to get busy at once on the skinning and have portions of the animal ready for the next meal.

CROSSING Great Slave, Cameron was given an unusual sight. He saw the sun take occasional dips below the horizon. It seemed as if the ball of fire were suspended on a string and that some unseen force dangled it up and down every so often at its pleasure. The sun, during Arctic summer, had always remained in full view, and this strange sinking and rising was familiar to Cameron only in the spring and autumn. He had not considered that the farther south he got the more he and the sun would part company.

After seven days of constant travel, ex-

Cameron MacBain Backwoodsman

By HAROLD M. SHERMAN and HAWTHORNE DANIEL

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN



Just before the boat reached Great Slave Lake, Cameron sighted a bull moose swimming in the river

cept for stops at the posts along the way, the Hudson's Bay boat arrived at Fort Smith, a small inhabited area on the bank of the Slave River. Here Cameron glimpsed a modern mark of civilization in the form of a big caterpillar tractor which was used for hauling. He could not help contrasting the powerful monster which pulled great loads with so little effort to the dog teams in the Far North which strained at their harness to tug heavy carioles.

Making up with anyone on the trip was out of the question. Several passengers had tried to be agreeable, but Cameron had thought it best not to encourage them. The only person on whom he relied was the captain. If Cameron wanted to know anything, he went to Captain Roberts. The procedure found favor with the commander of the boat. It flattered him to have anyone ask for information or knowledge.

"Ask me anythin' you want, lad," he invited Cameron one day. "If I can't answer it, it's because it's never been answered!"

At Fort Smith, however, the captain and Cameron had to bid each other adieu. That was as far as this Hudson's Bay boat went. A big rapid in the Slave River made a

fifteen-mile portage necessary, and at Fort Fitzgerald another Hudson's Bay boat was in waiting for passengers and cargo.

It was difficult for Cameron to say goodbye to Captain Roberts. Somehow the captain seemed like the last familiar landmark in a country that was growing increasingly strange and hard to understand. Cameron clung to the captain's hand with a reluctance to let go. And Captain Roberts sensed the boy's terrifying loneliness—sensed a bit of what Cameron had ahead of him.

"She's a hard world, lad—out where you're goin'," advised the captain. "A world that doesn't care nothin' about ye unless ye make 'em care—which sometimes ain't so easy. I note you're not much for takin' up with folks, and it's tolerable good you're not. Better no friends at all than the wrong kind of friends. Stick by your own judgment. That's the safest way. And ye needn't be ashamed of what ye don't know, because the folks in the States don't know lots that ye know, which makes things all even. Best of luck, boy—and I'll see ye next summer!"

"Thanks, captain," said Cameron, a lump in his throat. "You've been awfully kind to me."

"Stow it, sonny, stow it!" broke in the captain, obviously pleased at Cameron's show of appreciation but striving to cover up. "I just want to see ye make a go of it, and sideswipe this merry old tub if I don't think ye will!"

Cameron laughed at this, swung about on his heel and strode off to join the party going overland. He looked back once and saw the captain standing gazing after him. The captain's hand rose stiffly to the rim of his cap in a farewell salute. And then the last soul that Cameron had even so much as a speaking acquaintance with vanished from sight.

He was now completely out on his own!

FROM Fort Smith the journey continued up the Slave River to Fort Fitzgerald, thence on to Fort Chipewyan on the shore of Lake Athabasca and up the Athabasca River to Fort McMurray.

At Fort McMurray, Cameron saw his first drug store. He finally gathered up enough courage to go in. As he entered, in company with other passengers from the Hudson's Bay boat, he saw a man apparently talking to himself at the counter. The man held a black looking object in his hand with a funny knob on it, and in the other hand he held a chubby black thing to his ear.

"Yes, yes," the man was saying. Then, "No, we haven't any more.—I say we're all out.—Yes, out.—How's that?—Well, not before next week.—That's all right. No trouble at all. Good-by."

The man put the black object down on the counter and hung the chubby black thing he had placed to his ear back on the little hook. As he did so he caught Cameron looking at him in open-mouthed wonderment.

"Smarter, kid? Your first peep at a telephone?"

Cameron flushed. Why did his looks have to betray his feelings?

"Step up here, bud," the man offered, kindly. "I'll let you talk over it."

The clerk called a number while the crowd in the store looked on, smilingly.

"I—I guess I'd better not."

The voice at the other end of the telephone laughed heartily.

"It ain't a very big world up in this part of the country, is it?" asked Morton.

"Where you goin'?"

Cameron's face sobered. He lowered his voice instinctively.

"Why, that's hard to say just where I'm going. To the States anyway."

"As far as that? Well, you are steppin'! Kind of gettin' wise to things as you go along, huh?"

Cameron nodded his head in answer, then suddenly recollecting that he had to say something.

at his feet and kicked it in under the seat. Then he sat down beside Cameron.

"Your mistake, son. You only got half a seat now!"

A sudden, jerking jolt and a short, sharp toot from the engine signaled that the train was soon to pull out. Cameron saw the conductor slap the station agent on the back as he made for the coach. The station agent shook his fist after the conductor good-naturedly.

"I'll get you next time!"

The conductor waved his hand.

"There may never be any next time on this road!"

"You draw a red tag, son. I'll just tip her in the window. This your first trip?"

Cameron nodded, reluctantly.

"Thought so," said the conductor, kindly. "Take it easy. You're not ridin' a buckin' broncho. No sense of your sittin' on the edge of your seat. You'll be plumb worn out at the end of the ride."

"H-how far is it to—Edmonton?" Cameron managed to ask.

"One hundred and sixty-five miles from the end of steel," answered the conductor.

"And how long does it take to get there?"

"Two days if we stay on the track."

Cameron thanked the conductor and leaned back in his seat. Two days! And he'd already been on the go for fully two and a half weeks!

At Edmonton, Cameron had to change cars. He had a little time between trains, so he used part of it to call on Frank Ballinger, the Hudson's Bay man there, whom he had known because of Mr. Ballinger's occasional trips north inspecting the posts. Mr. Ballinger seemed wonderfully glad to see the son of Matthew MacBain as well as very much interested in the nature of the journey Cameron was taking.

"If there's ever anything I can do for you, don't fail to let me know," he told Cameron on parting.

Cameron gratefully assured him that he would.

FOR the rest of the wait between trains the factor's son kept very close to the depot. There were so many strange sights and the people looked so different,—so inapproachable,—so interested in their own affairs, that he felt they would resent having anyone disturb them by so much as even asking a question.

On the last "rail" of his journey Cameron drew a deep sigh of relief. He was anxious to get to Deep River, to claim his uncle's estate and then turn his face back toward the Hudson's Bay post at once.

He kept to himself as much as possible. The few things he had to know he learned by asking railroad officials, ticket agents or conductors. From all others he held aloof with a vague sort of suspicion. He was afraid that everyone could perceive how unfamiliar he was with his surroundings, and that they would strive to take advantage of him. But he would give them no such opportunity.

Several persons tried to scrape his acquaintance on the train, but he remembered what he had heard about train acquaintances, and gave them all to understand that he was not interested.

The train from Edmonton moved with, Cameron thought, breathless speed. Yet two days elapsed and a change of cars intervened before the little town for which he was bound was reached.

It was a big moment for Cameron when the conductor came through the train one afternoon about three o'clock, calling the words, "Deep River, next stop! Next stop, Deep River!"

He was peering out the window, curiously, as the train had entered the town limits. A rather nice-looking little place, Cameron thought, as he caught a commanding view of the river, after which the community had been named, when the train swung across the trestle. The sight of water was encouraging. White dots of houses, then neat but unpaved streets, a wide road under construction that seemed to be the main highway, a cluster of store buildings and an open space in front of them—the public square, perhaps—and now the low-roofed, wooden structure of the railroad station as the train slowed down gradually to a brake-wheezing stop.

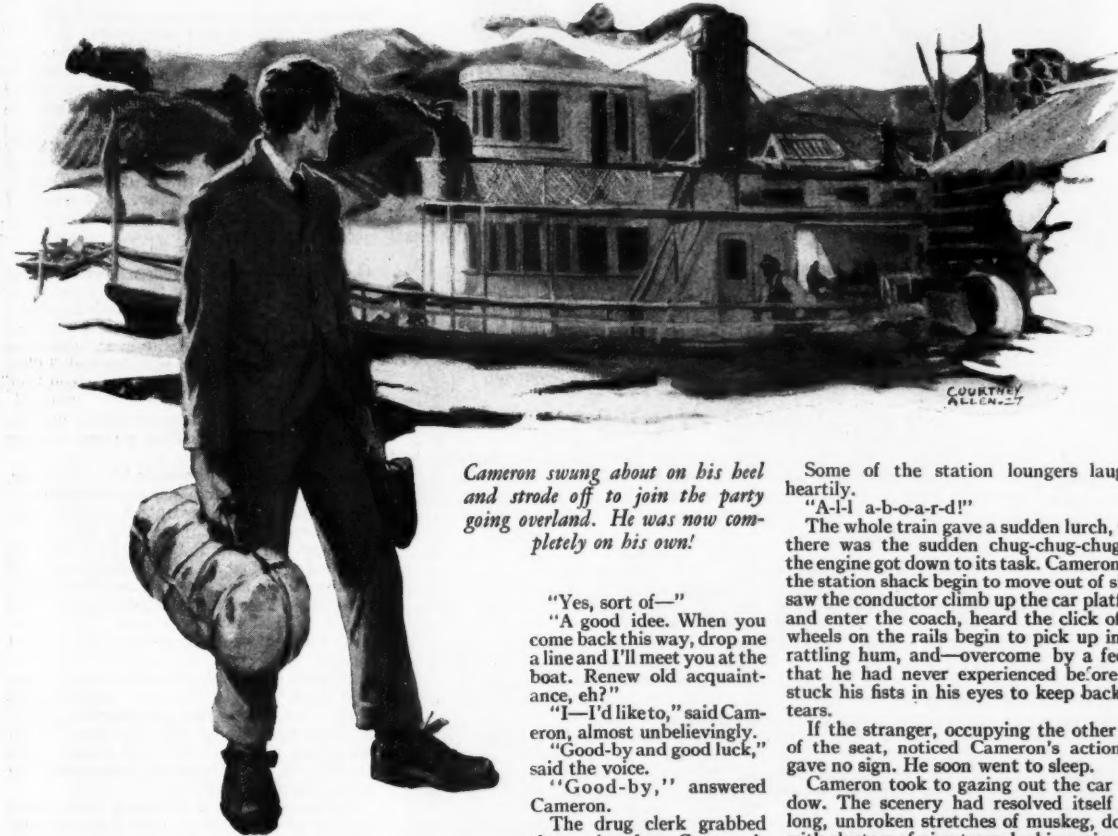
Cameron caught up his bulging bag with rough-papered packages strapped on the side and bumped his way down the aisle to the platform, conscious of a tingling sensation from head to foot. He did not know where he was going or what he was going to do; all he knew was that he had reached his destination at last—the place where the uncle whom he had never seen had lived!

A hack man came running up and grabbed Cameron's bag. But he dropped it very quickly when the youth in the peculiar-looking outfit, topped by a cap with a pointed rim, drew back as if to strike.

"Bus to the Beaver Inn," the driver announced, more respectfully.

Those at the station who had observed the little by-play eyed the strangely dressed newcomer in open-faced wonderment. Cameron had unwittingly stamped himself as one acquainted with ways and customs on his very first step off the train!

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.



"Come on. There's nothing going to hurt you," invited the clerk. Then into the mouthpiece, "Hello, Morton. I've got a kid here who's never seen phone before. Give him a line of chatter, will you?" The clerk placed the telephonic apparatus in Cameron's hands. Cameron set the receiver down quickly when he heard some voice apparently emanating from his very hand. The crowd laughed.

"Who's that?"

"That's Morton at the other end of the line," informed the clerk. "He's seven miles away. There's nothing to be afraid of. Tell him 'hello'."

Cameron rubbed his hands on his shirt front and looked at the telephone longingly. Suddenly his impulses got the better of him and he picked it up with swift eagerness. "Hello!"

Immediately a voice came back at him. "Hello! Where the Sam Hill you been? I been talkin' my fool head off for the last five minutes. No answer. Where you from?"

Cameron forgot the others in the room and gripped the receiver tightly.

"I—I'm from Fort Seldon," he said.

"That so?" came the instant reply. "I was up there once—going on ten years now. What's your name?"

"MacBain."

"Not any relation to the factor, are you?"

"His son."

"You don't tell me!" The receiver fairly rang with surprise. "Don't s'pose you remember me, do you?"

"No, sir. Not if your name's Morton. Ten years is a pretty long time."

"Well, you ought to remember me. Think hard now, son. Don't you recall a rather tall gink with a beard? I ain't got that no more. But I'm still tall. Your daddy did me a right good turn up there, and I gave you the slickest bow and arrow that was ever seen in them parts those days!"

Cameron's eyes bulged with excitement. "Sure I remember!" he fairly shouted.

"Was that you? Gee-whizz!"

Cameron swung about on his heel and strode off to join the party going overland. He was now completely on his own!

"Yes, sort of—"

"A good idee. When you come back this way, drop me a line and I'll meet you at the boat. Renew old acquaintance, eh?"

"I—I'd like to," said Cameron, almost unbelievably.

"Good-by and good luck," said the voice.

"Good-by," answered Cameron.

The drug clerk grabbed the receiver from Cameron's hands. "Hello, Morton. Much obliged for the accommodation. I wanted to give the kid a treat.—No. How'd I know you knew him? I didn't even know his name myself. That's a fact!—Yeah. He's tickled pink.—All right. Coming in today? S'long."

Cameron, more himself than at any time since he had started on the trip, thanked the drug clerk warmly for his inspiration in introducing him to the use of a telephone. The others in the store looked at Cameron with faces sobered by respectful consideration.

It was an eventful time when the Hudson's Bay boat reached the "end of steel" after a four-hour chug up the Clearwater River from Fort McMurray. "End of steel" marked the end of the trip by boat. It also marked the end of the railroad, and hence the name. But for Cameron it would be the "beginning of steel."

"End of steel" was but a cluster of shacks and beyond these, a short stretch through the woods and up the hill, was the railroad track.

THERE she comes!"

A shout went up from the waiting passengers as the combination freight and passenger train hove in sight and pulled to a creaking stop at the end of the rails.

Cameron, standing near the track, was among the first to clamber aboard.

He picked out a seat about midway in the car, one of those dusty, red upholstered affairs, and seated himself by the window, conscious that his heart was pounding. In another moment a heavy-set man with a face that looked exceedingly rough through being left unshaven stopped alongside.

"This seat taken?" he asked.

Cameron glanced up in surprise and perplexity.

"What's that, sir?"

"I say, has anyone got this seat?"

"Why—yes, sir. I have, sir," answered Cameron, wonderingly.

The stranger dropped a strapped bundle

Some of the station loungers laughed heartily.

"A-l-a-b-o-o-r-d!"

The whole train gave a sudden lurch, then there was the sudden chug-chug-chug! as the engine got down to its task. Cameron saw the station shack begin to move out of sight, saw the conductor climb up the car platform and enter the coach, heard the click of the wheels on the rails begin to pick up into a rattling hum, and—overcome by a feeling that he had never experienced before—he stuck his fists in his eyes to keep back the tears.

If the stranger, occupying the other half of the seat, noticed Cameron's action, he gave no sign. He soon went to sleep.

Cameron took to gazing out the car window. The scenery had resolved itself into long, unbroken stretches of muskeg, dotted with clusters of pine trees, looking miserable and alone amid the wastes. Cameron thought, as he glimpsed the trees, that they seemed as out of place in that wilderness as he now felt aboard this lurching train, grinding farther and farther southward, away from the only country with which he was familiar into the land of the great unknown.

The door at the front of the car swung open with a jarring bang and was as noisily flung shut again. The good-natured conductor whom Cameron had observed on the station platform before the start of the journey stood in the aisle, clicking a pair of punchers.

When the conductor came alongside Cameron's seat he gave a look down at the stranger with the crop of whiskers and heaving chest who was still unconscious of everything, including his snores. The conductor winked at Cameron.

"Your pa sure can rip 'em up!" he said.

Near-by passengers laughed. Cameron's face colored.

"He's not my father. I don't even know him!" said Cameron hotly.

"That's too bad," apologized the conductor, jovially. "I was countin' on you to wake him up. He's gettin' more than his money's worth. This ain't no sleeper."

The conductor put a hand on the stranger's shoulder and shook him gently. He got no response. He increased the pressure, and the only effect was longer-drawn-out snores. Very craftily the conductor reached over and clamped his thumb and forefinger on the stranger's nose. For just an instant there was suspended breath, then a gasping sound as the mouth sucked in air. The stranger came to with a startled snort.

"You conductors area bloomin' nuisance," he grunted as he finally produced the evidence that he had paid his fare.

Cameron handed his ticket over.

The stranger, satisfied that he would not be bothered further, shifted his position in the seat and promptly prepared to burst forth into more snores.

"Too bad that fellow ever has to wake up," said the conductor in a low voice to Cameron.

THIS Will to Win," "From Rags to Riches," "Sink or Swim." Any title at all will do for the story of George Young, because it proves that truth is stranger than fiction.

How Horatio Alger would have reveled over such a plot! A poor boy with nothing but courage and a motorcycle crosses the continent and lands in the city of his dreams with just sixty cents. Another day finds him rich and famous. All of Alger's pet characters—even to the mother back home and the millionaire philanthropist—are there. And the philanthropist really does wear a silk hat and carry a gold-headed cane! There is only one thing wrong with the plot. Horatio Alger would never permit his hero to enter the movies. The hero of this story does. But let's begin at the beginning.

George Young's mother became a widow when George was only a few months old. She lived in Scotland then, but after making a hopeless struggle against odds for two and a half years she brought George to Toronto, Canada. One day when George was five years old he was walking beside a creek with his mother and aunt. Suddenly the aunt screamed, "Here's a bull!" "Little George ran right into the water of that creek," laughed his mother, "and he has stayed in the water ever since."

"Give Me Some Cream Puffs"

To keep up the struggle for existence Mrs. Young worked at a summer hotel in Muskoka, George acting as bell-boy. In a fire at the hotel they lost virtually all their belongings, including a cup which George had captured for swimming the Toronto "cross-the-bay" course. And Mrs. Young, jumping out of a window, missed a blanket held underneath and injured her spine so severely that she was forced to undergo an operation from which she is still convalescing.

When George was seven years old he could swim the length of the Toronto Y. M. C. A. pool. At eight he had made such remarkable progress that a famous swimming instructor took him in charge. From then on he won practically every contest which he entered. And yet he was always doing things differently from other boys of his age. It was not uncommon for him to go over to "Sunnyside"—a park in Toronto,—cut a hole in the ice and swim around in the freezing water.

And how he loves to eat! A while back he won a swimming race. The prize was a medal. He didn't want it. Instead, he said: "Give me some cream puffs. I've got so many medals now I don't know what to do with them all. I can, at least, eat the cream puffs." He got them.

And then came news of the \$25,000 offered by William Wrigley, Jr., to the first person making the Catalina Channel swim. George can tell this best in his own way:

"Bill Hastings, my buddy, and I figured we would get to California or die in the attempt. We had no money, so Bill's mother financed us with \$80—all the money she had. My mother had \$70—it was her all, but she had faith in me. We bought a motorcycle that was already on its last legs. It needed lots of coaxing, and hard luck rode with us all the way. We were broke when we reached Chicago, but we went straight to Mr. Wrigley and told him we were headed for California to try to win his money.

"You look like a couple of clean-cut lads," Mr. Wrigley told us, and then he loaned us \$60.

"Down in Arkansas the poor old motorcycle lay down and died. We had visions of walking the rest of the way, for the few dollars we had left wouldn't take us very far. And then the first luck of the trip overtook us. Two honeymooners, Mr. and Mrs. James Foster of Quincy, Mass., picked us up at Little Rock and gave us a ride all the way to San Pedro, California. Well, we fooled around San Pedro for a while, when all of a sudden I remembered Doc O'Byrne, who had lived in Toronto, but who now lived in Santa Monica. I remembered that he had made swimming champions of two of his daughters. So Bill and I looked up Doc O'Byrne. And Doc immediately took me in hand."

Careful Training

What kind of a fellow is George Young? That question has been asked me a thousand times. George is big, bashful and rosy-cheeked. He appears to be more than seventeen years old. His happy smile reminds me of a country boy. His hair, black in color, is rather coarse, while his big blue eyes are set well back in his head. He has a build that is all wrong except for an endurance swimmer.



A national hero congratulates a youthful winner: Commander Byrd, first man to fly to the North Pole, shaking hands with George Young, sole conqueror of the Catalina Channel

A Triumph of Youth

How George Young Swam the Catalina Channel

By FRED GILMAN JOPP

He weighs about 185 pounds, and while he is only five feet, seven inches he carries his weight well. He wasn't built as were those bronze lifeguards who parade up and down the beach with massive shoulders and hips in proportion.

George is all out of shape, just as a marathon swimmer might be suspected of being. The muscle he carries is well hidden under a layer of protecting fat. There was no ripple of muscles when he moved arm or leg. And he has a large, protuding stomach.

He is full of life, but not much given to conversation. He talks of no one but his mother. He won't drink, doesn't smoke, and hasn't time or thought for the girls. A shiny wrinkled blue-serge suit and a white shirt open at the neck, and no hat—are his sole possessions. That is George Young—the boy who will earn at least \$100,000 in the next three months.

It was my job to cover the race for various magazines. Therefore, I was over at Catalina Island several days before the race started. It must have been luck that led me to the boy who was to win it. We took a trip by glass-bottom boat to the submarine gardens at one end of the island. "I used to walk upon bottom when I was six years old," said George as he gazed into the fairy gardens beneath the boat. "I can go down thirty feet and walk upon bottom."

"Well, that is about ten feet farther than I would care to go," came the remark from another passenger. It was a famous diver who had made the statement.

George Young trained earnestly for his swim. He was not like another swimmer, who smoked cigars behind his trainer's back. But then George has been taught to do what he is told.

George and Mr. Wrigley

To Doctor O'Byrne goes great credit for Young's winning swim. He devised a particular grease for George. He supervised the training, the meals, and during the race he kept George on the "smartest" course to the mainland, while many other leaders were

swept out of the direct lane. O'Byrne had figured out the tides to a dot. He knew that late in the day a tide would strike George diagonally and put him out of the race unless he swam far enough out of line to drift and stroke southward with it. George never doubted his ability to win. He trained by staying hours in the coldest water he could find. Wherever he could find cold currents he would plunge in, until he made himself practically immune against frigid water. He tackled the heaviest surf and the worst rip tides he could find. George plays tennis, too. Much of his training was on the tennis court.

I was aboard the S. S. Catalina with Mr. William Wrigley, Jr., on Friday morning, the day before the race, when a grinning youngster passed and almost whispered a timid "Hello!"

"Well, well," Mr. Wrigley replied, "how is the Canadian Ace?" But George Young, grinning sheepishly, slipped around the end of the boat and disappeared on the dock alongside.

"Nice kid, there," Mr. Wrigley volunteered. "Got a lot of sand and all the confidence in the world in himself. I have kept an eye on him and his pal without their knowing it, and the more I see of their efforts the more I appreciate their grit."

Mr. Wrigley's version of the boys' visit to his Chicago office is interesting. "I was in my Chicago office one afternoon," he says, "when my secretary told me that two boys were down in the lobby who wanted very much to see me. It seemed they were too awed to venture into my office, but they sent up word through the elevator starter. I had them sent for, and when they came in it was Young and his friend. They were not seeking aid. They only wanted to be sure that the prize was bona fide and to learn the conditions.

"Young didn't do much of the talking. His friend kept telling me what great swimmers both were, but what a positive fish George was. 'I can swim pretty good, but, shucks, George here just lives in the

water,' he kept saying. I quizzed further and found they had been unable to get any Toronto backing, so had borrowed money from their mothers and bought one of those second-hand motorcycles. In it they hit the trail with Chicago and me as their first objectives."

"I asked if I could do anything tangible, and from the very certainty of their refusal I knew they needed assistance. I gave them \$60, which they accepted as a loan, and the next thing I learned they were stranded in Little Rock, Arkansas, where their side-wheeler had broken down. And then I met them over here at Catalina."

The day after the race Mr. Wrigley made this statement, which proves that he wasn't wrong in backing two such boys:

"I'm mighty glad George won. He overcame great obstacles to make the attempt. Do you know what word he sent me today? He sent word to me that the first thing he wanted done with his \$25,000 check was to have the \$60 I loaned him deducted. Isn't that manly? I get as much 'kick' out of paying the money over to him as he gets in receiving it. I hope he invests it wisely. I shall be willing to help there, too."

The First Man to Bird Rock

One man who took George seriously was Norman Ross, favorite for the race. Ross, so the story goes, saw a churning figure out in Avalon Bay the first day of his arrival on Catalina Island. He watched the progress of this figure, then turned to his companion, Coach Ernie Brandsten of Stanford, and remarked:

"There's a real swimmer, Ernie, not one of those would-be's. Keep an eye on that boy!"

They did keep an eye on him, but Ross, when the swim was nearly completed, could keep his eye no longer upon George Young, for George was too far ahead of him.

Harry Huff and Capt. Jack Bubeck handled the boat Martha, which convoyed Young on his successful swim. Prior to the start of the race the two fishermen expressed doubt of their ability to pick Young from the mass of swimmers in the channel waters.

"We'll be outside the isthmus cove when you start," I told Young," Captain Huff said. "But how are we going to pick you out of that mob?" The kid just grinned and answered: "Pick out the first man to pass Bird Rock, three hundred feet outside the cove. That'll be me."

Huff and Bubeck followed instructions and lay in wait outside Bird Rock. A pistol cracked on the shore—the channel swim was on. And the first man to pass Bird Rock was the seventeen-year-old Canadian, who came tearing through the water in a sprint that swept him past Norman Ross, the favorite, and gave him a lead of eight hundred feet over his nearest competitor at that point.

Ross's Courage

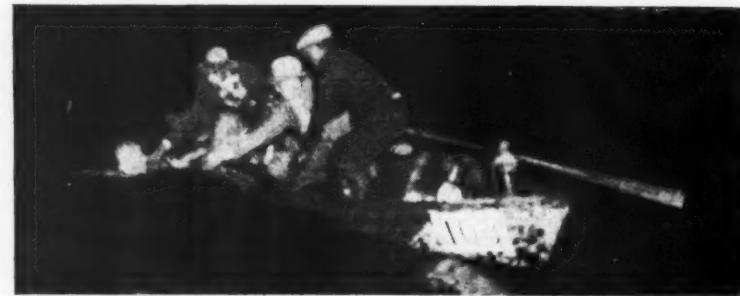
Treacherous ocean currents, exposure, mental torture, killing physical labor, sharks—heaven knows what else! It has been my privilege to witness some of the great dramas of sports and some of the great tragedies of the race, but nothing except the unbelievable heroism seen in the World War ever impressed me so deeply. It was truly zero hour when these more than one hundred swimmers plunged forward to do battle with the unrelenting forces of nature.

Darkness settled. Lights glistened and bobbed in almost every direction. Somehow a depression like a death curtain seemed to come aboard the Avalon. Red flares indicated distress. The Greyhound and the Red Cross boats rushed to and fro.

At 2.40 Sunday morning they pulled out the next-to-the-last swimmer, Norman Ross, the man who was favored to win the race. "I was almost frozen solid," he said. "I felt like an icicle, and I cannot understand how Young is able to stand the cold water and make such good time. The race gave me the most terrific punishment I ever took in my life. I fought cramps for hours, and if I ever swim again it will be too soon, the way I feel now." Before he would allow them to pull him out of the water Ross had to be told that everyone had given up. It was not until the next day that he learned the truth. That is courage.

His First Words After the Race

The setting for Young's final spurt to victory across the kelp beds at Point Vicente was dramatic. Early in the evening a heavy fog had enveloped the headlands, and a sharp breeze whipped across the waves. On the brow of the rocky promontory



Pacific and Atlantic Photographs
A flashlight photograph of the end of the Catalina Channel race: George finished at eight minutes after three o'clock on Sunday morning, January 16.

the beacon of Point Vicente light; a gliding gleam for ships, flashed back a challenge to Young struggling in the waters offshore.

Despite the fog and the chilly night winds, thousands of people gathered on the shore as the news spread that Young was in striking distance of victory at the historic point.

Several times the watchers on the shore saw unfriendly currents grapple with the young Canadian; saw him waver and seem to fall back; watched him struggle with the clinging tendrils of kelp. But his purpose

was clear, and suddenly, at three o'clock, he seemed to clear the last opposing current, and with broad, steady strokes he swept toward the rock-girt beach. Eight minutes later he stood upon the rock. A wave washed him off, but with the realization of the fact that he had achieved his purpose he seemed reinvigorated and clambered into his boat—the first man to cross the Catalina Channel.

And when we caught up with him at the yacht club, what did he say? The Canadian

boy is emphatically a mother's boy, and he is proud of it. He said:

"I put everything I had into this race for my mother. It was not much, perhaps, but it was my all."

And George's mother, when she got the news, said, "I hope George doesn't catch pneumonia."

Now that the race is over and the winner has received his richly deserved reward it merely proves that the triumph of youth and ambition, rightly directed and backed by a

wonderful mother, will make any boy a winner.

George Young's triumph carries with it a lesson that should not be lost on the youth of the present generation. He won because he had the ambition and the will to win, because he was unafraid. He felt that the world owed him a living; he did not wait for it to drop in his lap, but he set forth courageously and determinedly to collect. That is the spirit which keeps the human race progressing.

ONE of those picturesque features of farm country and life which have now almost wholly disappeared is the old grist mill.

At the old New England homestead where the writer lived when a boy, it was customary, throughout the fall when pigs were fattening, to go to mill once a week; and well do I remember the first time I was sent to mill alone, with six bushels of corn, piled up behind me in the farm wagon. It was the greatest responsibility which had fallen to me thus far during the entire thirteen years of my life.

This mill had two sets of millstones, one for wheat and rye, the other for corn. The miller, a Mr. Hanson, lived at a small red house beyond the mill. For his services he had what he could make from toll; and his farmer patrons had long been of the opinion that in the matter of toll Hanson would bear watching. The mill itself was a saddle-backed old structure which stood over the stream on the south side of a high dam.

When I reached the mill that morning I found that the miller was away from home. His daughter Mella, a girl of fourteen, came out with her little brother, Sammy, to tell me so.

"But if it is corn you've got, I can grind it for you," said Mella, "if you'll help me hoist the gate. Pa lets me grind corn. I can't grind wheat yet. Wheat has to be bolted."

I backed the wagon up to the mill door; and between us we rolled the bags into the mill. Mella then brought her two quart measure.

"It's two quarts toll to the bushel you know," she said to me. "These are two-bushel bags, so I must have two two-quart measurefuls out of every bag."

I untied the bags, and she proceeded to take out such heaped up measurefuls that I objected.

"You must strict them with a square," said I. "You're getting a good pint too much on every one."

"Seems to me you are pretty stingy," said Mella; but we found a piece of straight-edged board and leveled the measurefuls, then by our united efforts poured a bagful into the hopper of the corn stones and went to hoist the water gate.

The gate was in the flume outside, but a long lever extended from it through the side of the mill, so that the gate could be hoisted from within. We threw our weight on the lever and finally got it up so that the water poured down on the "under-shot" wheel beneath. Immediately the wheel began to turn and the other gear began to revolve, making a tremendous noise.

Mella now sat down on a chair to watch the millstones.

"Is it fine enough?" she asked me. "I can drop the stone a little, if you say so?" I thought it would be all right.

Another bagful was poured into the hopper and slowly ground out.

When the last bagful was nearly ground and the hopper empty, save for a quart or two, Mella ran to shut the gate and stop the mill.

But I objected. "That isn't fair," said I. "There's two quarts in the stones yet. I shall lose all that on top of toll."

"But we must shut down before the corn is all through the stones," cried Mella, "or they'll get to running fast and grind themselves. Twon't do to let them get to running fast, with no corn in."

"But don't be in such a hurry," I urged. "Wait till my grist is nearer out."

MELLA waited a few moments, but was very uneasy about the stones, and soon after the last kernels of corn had disappeared from the hopper, she pulled the ash pin over the lever to let the gate fall. It was then discovered that from some cause the gate would not drop! Mella shook and rattled it; but the water still poured down on the wheel.

By this time the meal had run out of the millstones, and they revolved more rapidly.

Going to Mill

By C. A. STEPHENS

Illustrated by HAROLD SICHEL



With the pike-pole we tried to push or pull the block out. Meanwhile the old mill was "running amuck" inside

Panic fell on Mella; she ran outside and, climbing up the dam, looked into the flume, to see what was the matter with the gate.

"O dear!" she cried, "It's an old shingle bolt that's floated down the pond! It's got stuck in under the gate and holds it up! We must get the pike-pole quick!"

The pike-pole was in the mill. I fetched it; we tried to push, or pull, the block out. But it was wedged fast and the indraught of the water held it firmly in the aperture beneath the gate. It was impossible to reach it with anything save the pike-pole, for the water in the flume over it was five feet deep.

Meanwhile the old mill was "running amuck" inside! The water wheel was turning and the upper millstone was whirling like a buzz saw. After every few seconds we could hear it graze against the nether stone with an ugly sound; and then there would fly up a whiff of white dust.

Finding that we could not shut the gate, Mella rushed back into the mill again, in still greater excitement.

"The stones'll be spoilt!" she cried. "We must get them to grinding something."

Little Sammy burst forth crying loudly. Mella bethought herself of the twelve quarts of toll which she had taken from my bags and brought it to the hopper. We threw it in, and it came through the stones into

the meal-box at a great rate. It checked the speed, however, and we took breath.

Finally Mella thought of grinding chips from their wood yard and ran to get a basketful. While she was gone, I spied a pile of corn cobs at one end of the mill and hastily gathered up a half-bushel of them. They were old dry cobs and very hard. When Mella came back I was breaking up cobs and throwing them into the hopper.

"Not too fast!" she cautioned. "Only a few at a time till the speed goes down."

By throwing in a few cobs at a time, we reduced the speed of the stones gradually, then, suddenly piling in a peck or more, slowed it down till it fairly came to a standstill—glutted with cobs!

The water wheel had stopped, although the water was still pouring down upon it. We left it in that condition. Mella, however, was much concerned for the millstones.

"What'll pa say when he gets back?" she exclaimed over and over again.

It was my first experience in milling and made a profound impression on my mind.

But I was not yet home with my grist! For on the way I was overtaken by two older boys who had been fishing in the mill brook, and who wanted to ride when we reached the top of the hill. They were not very good

boys, but I could not easily refuse them, and they jumped in, making three of us on the wagon seat. One of them, named Alfred Batchelder, then wanted to drive.

"You ain't strong enough to hold the horse down these long hills," he said to me and snatched the reins.

The other boy, whose name was Wood, also wanted to drive and declared that Alfred did not know how. Alfred kept hold of the reins, however.

"There's no use," said he, "in letting a horse lag and sag along down hill the way these farmers do around here. They are scared to death if a horse does more than walk down hill. I know how a horse ought to go."

In earnest of his opinion, he touched up the horse, and we went down the first hill at such a pace, that the Wood boy and I had to hold on to the seat.

"You had better be careful," said I.

"You're not fit to drive a horse!" said the Wood boy.

These remarks angered Alfred; and out of bravado, I suppose, he again slapped the horse, and we went down the next hill at a still more rapid rate.

"If you are going to drive like that, just haul up and let me walk," remonstrated the Wood boy. But Alfred would not stop and gave the horse another slap with the reins; we started down the last hill before reaching a meadow, at an even smarter pace.

It is likely, however, that we might have got down without accident had not the road, like most country roads, been rather narrow. As we drew near the foot of the hill we espied a horse and wagon emerging around a turn amongst alder clumps and saw, too, that a woman was driving.

"Turn out!" Alfred shouted. But the woman seemed confused, not knowing apparently on which side to turn; she hesitated and stopped in the middle of the road.

Perceiving that we were in danger of a collision, the Wood boy snatched the reins and turned our horse sharply out into the alders and, the off hind wheel coming violently in contact with an old log, the bolt of the wagon broke. The forward wheels parted from the wagon body, and we were all pitched out into the brush in a heap together. The bags of meal came on top of us.

ALFRED had his nose scratched; I sprained one of my thumbs; and we were all three shaken up smartly. The Wood boy, however, regained his feet in time to capture the horse, which was making off with the forward wheels.

The woman sat in her wagon and looked quite dazed by the spectacle of boys and bags tumbling over one another.

"Dear hearts," said she, "are you all killed?"

"Why didn't you turn out?" exclaimed Alfred.

"I know I ought to," said the woman humbly, "but you came down the hill so fast I thought your horse had run away, and I was scared I didn't know what to do."

Alfred attributed all the blame to the Wood boy. "If you had let my reins alone," said he, "I'd have got by all right."

We contrived at length to patch up the wagon by tying the "rocker" of the wagon body to the forward axle with the rope halter. The boys helped me to reload the bags, then deserted me, and I proceeded slowly home.

The Old Squire came out as I drove in at the stable door and, seeing the halter in so unusual a place, asked me what had happened.

Somewhat reluctantly I unfolded the long tale of my adventures.

"Well, well, my son, you have had a boy's own time of it, haven't you!" was all the comment which the old gentleman made.

We heard afterward that Hanson's millstones had to be "picked" over again before he could grind corn with them. But he said that Mella and I did the right thing, under the circumstances.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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FACT AND COMMENT

WHAT is the right of free speech? It is not the right of stating in public that there are milestones on the Dover road. It is the right of speaking controversially. It is the right of controversy.—George Bernard Shaw.

IF A BALD HEAD is the sign of an active brain and a high degree of intellectuality, as our bald-headed brothers are fond of asserting, how shall we account for the fact that, though the Supreme Court justices are elderly and learned men, there is not a single really bald head on the bench?

IT IS REPORTED that five persons were fatally injured in the rush for the first specimens of the commemorative postage stamps issued by the Egyptian government at the inauguration of Port Fuad on the Suez Canal. Perhaps stamp collecting is the Egyptian substitute for football.

MUSIC, it seems, still hath charms. To those of us who have occasionally dropped a casual coin in the outstretched cap of the organ-grinder's monkey it is interesting to learn that a court case in New York recently disclosed the fact that the weekly earnings of an organ-grinder of that city have averaged about one hundred dollars—fifteen dollars on week days and twenty on Saturdays and Sundays. Whether he split fifty-fifty with the monkey was not stated. The proportion ought to be about ninety-five, with the ninety going to the monk.

CONCERNING SELF-GOVERNMENT

SENATOR BORAH is a man who is never afraid to say what he thinks. And, since he is an individual and not a partisan or a standardized thinker, he often says things that surprise and even shock the great American public. His latest contribution to political thought will have that effect; but he is absolutely right, and it will pay his fellow citizens to heed to his words.

Our government, he says, is being undermined by the increasing interference of the central government with private and business life. If the present tendency is not checked, it will shortly be the case that every tenth man will be a government official or an agent. "Inspectors and spies will leer upon the citizen from every corner and accompany him hourly in his daily avocation. We shall have a republic in name, but a bureaucracy in fact; the most extravagant, the most demoralizing"—and, he might have added, the most tyrannous—"government which has ever tortured the human family."

Strong words, a little rhetorical perhaps, but essentially justified. Democracy, the government of the people by the people, is only possible when it is carried on, fundamentally, by small units. Local self-government, which citizens can watch and influence intelligently, is its only sure foundation. Rigid control of and constant interference with the private citizen by a government hundreds or even thousands of miles away from him is fatal to it. The Fathers who wrote the Constitution knew that. Many of their sons have forgotten it.

"In looking to the national capital to cure all their ailments," says Senator Borah, "they are weakening the fibre of true citizenship and destroying the self-reliant spirit

of Americanism without which the republic cannot endure. This clamor for change for the sake of change, this haphazard floundering in legislative affairs, is nowhere so pronounced as in the gradual but certain destruction of the states and the centering of all governmental power in Washington." True again, Senator. We see the effects of this tendency in the increasing indifference of the people to the vote, their disposition to take shelter under a Federal law and a government commission at every emergency, their feeling that politics is something in which they need no personal interest, and that government is something for which they need feel no personal responsibility.

Democracy is still on trial. It is assaulted alike by the spirit of Bolshevism and that of Fascism in Europe and by indifference and spinelessness in America. We must give up running to Washington with every problem that faces us. Congress has not the time, even if it had the capacity, to settle everything for us. We must do whatever is possible to do at home—in our towns, our cities, our counties, our states—that we may remain capable of "self-government."

It is time for a restatement of the political philosophy of Thomas Jefferson. Too many who still call upon his name have forgotten what he taught.

POCKET MONEY

A MASSACHUSETTS woman who died recently left a will that created a fund, the income of which is to be distributed at least once every three months among the inmates of the Old People's Home in the town where the woman died, "and to be used by them for pocket money."

It was a charming thing to do; the woman who did it must have had a deep and understanding sympathy with these superannuated men and women. Not all, perhaps not many, of the persons in old peoples' homes are actually dependent upon charity, but certainly few if any of them are well-to-do. They usually have comfortable quarters and good food, but rarely do they have any money that they can call their very own, to spend as they please; and, lacking that, they lack one of the absolute essentials of contentment and self-respect. What kindlier gift could there be than a few coins for them to jingle in their pockets? To persons in that situation money is no longer just money; it is an infinitude of little luxuries that without it are inaccessible—to one, books; to another, tobacco; to others, flowers, a concert, a bit of ribbon, a fresh tie—any one of the multitude of things by which individuality expresses itself.

And the matter goes much farther than old people's homes. It touches every household. We speak of pocket money—pin money—as a little thing, but it is not. The savings-bank account itself is not more important. Give a child no allowance, take away what he earns, let him have never a cent of his own, to spend as he pleases, and you expose him to the constant temptation to pilfer and deceive. Even if he escape that, he will be poor-spirited and ashamed in the company of more fortunate companions.

The dependent wife is in even worse case. She knows that her work is as necessary to the up-keep of the home as her husband's, and to have to ask him for every cent of money beyond the weekly budget is repellent to any woman. Wherever that condition exists, the wife should hang on the wall, in place of "God bless our home," a framed copy of the niggardly husband's plea for relief from his wife's extravagance. "Judge, that woman asks me for money every day—one dollar, two dollars, three dollars."

"Well, how much do you give her?"
"Why, Judge, I ain't give her nothin' yet."

MORE ABOUT JOKING

ASUBSCRIBER, Mr. Carl Shrode, the assistant principal of an Indiana high school, has read our editorial on "Jokes that are not Jokes," and he writes us, in some disturbance of mind, to ask what sort of jokes there are left! In short, he wants us to tell him what humor is.

He asks a question that is hard to answer. Doctor Johnson, when Boswell asked him to define poetry, replied, "Why, sir, it is much easier to say what it is not than what it is." So with humor; it is far simpler to be negative about it than to be positive. A very wise man, the old Greek philosopher, Aristotle, gave as good a short definition as we can imagine. He said that the basis of the joke was "incongruity," which is as much as to

say an inversion or confusion in the ordinary relations of life or the ordinary conduct or appearance of humanity, or in the proper and usual meaning of words. Humor is man's perception of the absurd, the irrational, the ridiculous.

George Meredith, who wrote a delightful book on the comic spirit, tells us that humor now includes a sort of sympathy with the person laughed at; a genial recognition of the fact that he is only for the moment absurd, and that it may be our own turn next. "If you laugh all round the ridiculous person," he says, "tumble him, roll him about, deal him a smack, own his likeness to yourself and yours to your neighbor . . . it is the spirit of humor that is moving you."

The good joke then is light-hearted, not sneering in spirit. It does not belittle the relations of men and women, or belittle whole races, or make acid fun of worthy people who are merely unfortunate or perhaps only different from ourselves. It does not leave a sting.

Of all jokes the safest are the play-on words. "Is this the way to Warcham?" asked the lady in bloomers from her bicycle. "I don't know, ma'am," replied the surprised rustic. "I never saw 'em before." We printed the other day a joke we very much liked, an example of pure absurdity. It was the reply of the man who had spoken of a place he knew of where the fog was extraordinarily thick, and had been asked where it was. "I don't know where it was—it was so foggy!"

Artemus Ward was a great joker. Perhaps his best story was that about the stage agent who resigned after years of service. The president of the company said: "We are sorry to lose you, Mr. Blaze. Your accounts are \$1,600 short; but, to mark our appreciation of your long service, we'll throw off \$800 of it." "Will you sir?" exclaimed Mr. Blaze, kissing the president's hand in gratitude. "But I will not allow myself to be outdone in generosity. I'll throw off the other \$800. No thanks, sir—it is my duty!"

There are the jokes that flow from a kindly and tolerant recognition of the oddities of human nature. The old sea captain, asked if his wife had paid her long-talked-of visit to Chicago, replied: "I dunno when she'll go. If I tell her to go, she says I want to get rid of her. If I tell her to stay to home, she says I'm mean. I ain't sayin' a word." And there is the story of the man who was asked if a neighbor were not a good deal of a liar. "I wouldn't say that," he said, "but I understand when he wants to feed his pigeons he has to get somebody else to call 'em."

Well, we have done the best we could, by precept and example, and we have overrun our space; besides, it is ill-chasing so elusive a prey as humor, but we hope we have put a shot or two into it. Above all, there is this to be said to the young people who are making the school or college comic papers. Get your fun out of your own surroundings, out of the queer and laughable things that you see about you. Don't be lured into mere imitation of the colored comic strip or the professional funny paper or the jesters of the variety stage. That sort of joking, even when it is clean, is stale and badly frayed about the edges.

THIS WEEK IN THE WORLD

A Weekly Summary of Current Events

THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

THE outbreak of an anti-foreign riot among the Chinese inhabitants of Shanghai, the principal treaty port in China, emphasizes the seriousness of the situation in that country. The British government showed its own estimate of the peril by ordering a force of 16,000 British soldiers to Shanghai, under the command of General Duncan. Our own government sent hurried word to Mr. MacMurray, our minister to China, who had started for home to report on the real state of affairs in China, to return at once to his post of duty. Americans, British and other foreigners are flocking out of Central China by the thousands. Yale-in-China, the American college in Chang-sha, is closed, and the missionaries of Protestant churches have abandoned their stations in the provinces of Fukien and Szechuan. The Cantonese government has issued a sharply worded declaration that it is no longer a question of what foreign nations shall do to conciliate China, but is one of what China shall regard as just arrangements with those foreign nations.

THE SENATE AND MR. SMITH

AFTER a significant debate on the question of Frank L. Smith's title to his seat as Senator from Illinois the Senate, by a vote of 48 to 33, refused to seat him until his qualifications had been investigated by the Committee on Privileges and Elections. In view of this vote it is as certain as anything can be that when Mr. Smith appears again before the Senate to claim the seat to which he was elected last November he will be shown the door. It is also probable that the Senate will refuse to admit Mr. Vare of Pennsylvania, who, like Mr. Smith, is accused of spending improper sums of money on his primary campaign for the nomination.

THE MEXICAN CRISIS

ALTHOUGH there are repeated suggestions that we should arbitrate our differences with Mexico, that idea does not seem to commend itself to President Coolidge, who thinks our view of the property rights of American citizens involves fundamental legal principles that do not admit of arbitration. It has been found, however, that a general claims convention, negotiated with Mexico in 1923, contains a provision permitting the commission established by that convention to deal with any question involving property rights acquired between 1868 and 1923; and it is possible that that may offer a way out of the snarl. Meanwhile the Mexican government has canceled the drilling permits of all oil companies that have not agreed to comply with the land laws of Mexico, a step which, of course, makes the situation a little more acute. None of the so-called "revolutionary" movements seems to have made any headway among the Mexican people.

A WRAITH FROM THE PAST

THE "Empress" Carlotta is dead. She was the ill-fated wife of a no less ill-fated prince, Maximilian of Austria, who was selected by Napoleon III of France to fill the throne of the empire he dreamed of establishing in Mexico. Maximilian was overthrown and shot by his rebellious "subjects," and his wife Carlotta, who was a Belgian princess, went insane. All this was sixty years ago and more, but the unfortunate lady has continued to live, though mentally dead, until the other day. Her life is one of the most tragic in history.

IS NORTH AMERICA SINKING?

GEOLOGISTS have long suspected that the continent of North America is slowly sinking, or perhaps it is more accurate to say that it is tipping downward toward the south. The National Research Council means to find out what truth there is in this theory, and it is accordingly setting a number of tide gauges at various points to determine whether or not the shore line is changing. It will take a long time to find the answer, for no one supposes that the change, if any, amounts to more than a foot or two in a century.

NO TREATY WITH TURKEY

THE Senate has voted down the Lausanne treaty, negotiated almost four years ago with Turkey. We have consequently no treaty relations with Turkey, and our American colleges, missionary stations and commercial enterprises in that country have no rights which the Turks are legally bound to respect. A considerable majority of the Senate favored ratifying the treaty, but a two-thirds vote was necessary. Almost all the American enterprises in Turkey believed the treaty ought to be ratified, but there were enough Senators who objected to this that provision to kill it.

A CURIOUS POWER PROJECT

A FRENCH physicist, Dr. Georges Claude, has a novel idea for producing power from tropical sea water. He proposes to use the surface water, which has a temperature of about 82° Fahrenheit. At this temperature water boils into low pressure steam when brought into contact with a vacuum. This steam he plans to draw through turbines by the condensing action of water pumped from a depth of three thousand feet, where, even in the tropics, it has a temperature of only 41°. Doctor Claude says power can thus be generated at very low cost, and that a cubic meter of surface water will generate seventeen pounds of steam, or as much power as it would produce by falling three hundred feet. He foresees all sorts of remarkable benefits to tropical countries by the application of this cheap form of power.

MISCELLANY

Historic Calendar



Drawn by L. F. Grant

February 23, 1827.

Authorship of Waverley revealed

SIR WALTER SCOTT, the Wizard of the North,
The glamor of whose magic still entrances,
At dinner somewhere near the Firth of Forth
Admitted that he wrote those great romances.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

FAITH AND DOUBT

The Companion's Religious Article

IT is a mistake to assume that the truest faith is that which has never known a doubt. It might be more nearly true to say that only that deserves to be called faith which has met doubt and tested its strength. The problems which shut us about our life on every side are so vast that we cannot wonder that men question; nor can they get any assurance of certainty by refusing to think and question. No reasonable faith has anything to fear from honest doubt.

But doubt that never results in any degree of assurance not only is void of comfort but is full of misgivings and of futile fears. There comes a time to doubt one's doubts and to stand fast on a few immutable truths.

Whatever else is true or false, it is better to be kind than hateful. It is better to be honest than to steal. It is better to be truthful than to lie. It is better to be chaste than unclean. It is better to be reverent than to sit in the seat of the scornful.

I know that right is right;
That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy.

So wrote a man who had known doubt, and who worked his way through an assurance of abiding truth:

When the anchors that faith hath cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail.

Faith and hope and love last, whatever our systems of theology, whatever the limitations of our creeds.

But we are under no compulsion of stopping there. The Power that made us capable of thought and gave to us our sense of right must be on the side that has most to gain through faith.

When we cry out that the universe is gone to the bad, and there is no light or truth anywhere, we are appealing, unconsciously though it be, to a standard of right that must lie very near to the heart of eternal purpose. Our very protest is an affirmation of faith in an eternal goodness dimly mirrored within us, but greater and better than what we surely see about us.

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that truth and right
Have the universe on their side.

HOMEMADE AILMENTS

The Companion's Medical Article

IN these days, when so much has been written for the general public about illnesses and their treatment, the trouble is that most people know too much, and are almost obsessed by the subject. Doctors must often sigh for the days of old when people were content to leave things to the family physician and were silent before his mysterious prowess.

But there is a danger here to much more than the calm of the doctor. The old-fashioned mother who sent for the doctor, and then stood and wrung her hands while he prescribed, is a harmless object compared with the mother who also sends for the doctor, it is true, but who has made her own

diagnosis before he arrives, and who talks learnedly of follicles and optic nerves and spinal vertebrae while he is looking for signs of chicken pox. The trouble with this type of mother is that the children hear altogether too much about physical troubles, and, if the mother is also of the anxious temperament, they are brought up in an atmosphere of nervous preoccupation with their health.

The writer is thinking at this moment of a family of father and mother and two boys, two big, hungry, active and potentially healthy boys, who are being brought up as though they were a couple of frail, elderly ladies. They have grown so accustomed to this atmosphere that they yield themselves to it without one boyish protest and are sprayed and poulticed and dosed from one year's end to another. They even go to bed and have a meal sent up on a tray at the least suggestion of fatigue. It is appalling to think of what they will be in twenty years.

The very opposite of all this is the better way. No matter how anxious a mother may be, she should train herself to keep her worries to herself and to talk the talk of health and maintain the theory of health in the family. That does not preclude the utmost watchfulness on her part, but it does spare her boys and girls a childhood spent in a hypochondriacal atmosphere. That is especially true in reference to the heart—that mysterious and necessary part of us, of which we know so little, but which can be so easily persuaded that it has something the matter with it.

A COMEDY OF CAPTIVITY

BEING captured by Chinese bandits is never wholly a joke; there are too many tragic possibilities. But they are not the melodramatic villains of romance, and their performances are usually dashed with comedy and often merge into sheer farce. Capt. Thomas Betts, who was captured and escaped, scarcely enjoyed the experience at the time—he understood his danger too well—but neither did he miss any of its humorous points. His captors, after vainly exploring his pockets for anything interesting, desired to break open his trunk. He had not the key, and they chopped off the top by means of a knife, axe and hoe, and it was then carried to the commander's private quarters. Shortly after that a gentleman emerged "very cocky and pleased."

"He was dressed in (1) my blue worsted suit; (2) my evening clothes—superimposed; (3) a white mess-jacket; and (4) a very conservative black straw bonnet, evidently designed for a mission lady at Chao T'ung. He was looking at some golf-stockings, so I told him I needed them, and he turned them over. He then pointed to a bundle he had made of my summer clothes and said: 'See, we are keeping all your possessions for your future use. We want you to be comfortable.' I said 'Thank you' as dryly as possible.

"While sitting with some of the junior officers—who were very polite, and offered their opium pipes—bandits kept coming in with looted medicines to ask Yen (a Chinese fellow-captive) and me if they were good to eat. Yen shone at this, and I let him acquire 'face' by explaining a typewriter-ribbon as motion-picture film, but had to halt him when he was dwelling on the food values of nux vomica. After a while tins of food, and other articles began to trickle in, and of these supplies a portion was reserved for the needs of the prisoners. I eventually acquired in this manner:

2 bottles of ipecac
1 bottle nux vomica
6 bottles quinine
2 tins biscuit
1 tin salmon
1 tin sardines
1 tin sausages
1 box almond flour
1 pair dancing pumps
1 pair low shoes
1 tennis racket."

Fortunately, Captain Betts was not long dependent for his comfort on this curious assortment. The local militia had taken up the pursuit of the bandit band, and during the excitement of flight and conflict he succeeded in making his escape, followed by a volley of ill-aimed bullets. He soon encountered two of the militia, who seized upon him gleefully and led him to a near-by village, where they shouted for hospitality and an audience. "No story in China, once it is begun, ever ends anywhere," declares Captain Betts. "But here is where I like to (Continued on page 143)

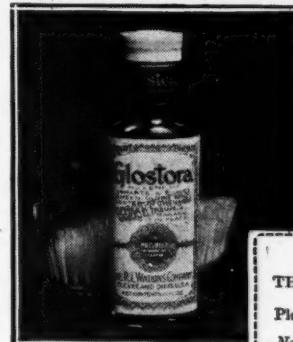


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NO NEED OF SUFFERING THIS WINTER

65th Weekly \$5 Award

Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "The Director is empowered to make a Cash Award of \$5.00 weekly to the Member or Associate Member submitting, in the Director's opinion, a project of unusual merit."

"An electric map of Asia" is the unusual but A thoroughly commendable project which wins for Member Edward M. MacLeod (14) of Washington, D. C., the 65th Weekly \$5.00 Award. Such devices as this are invaluable means for painlessly acquiring information which might otherwise come with difficulty. We know quite well that Member MacLeod in his later years will know a great deal more about the geography of Asia than most persons, and the reason will be not far to seek. Into the bargain, he receives amusement from the construction of a project which involves skill not only in artistic design but in practical electrical wiring.

We quote from his own description: "The map is of Beaver Board, 2 by 3 ft. and $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick. The countries are outlined with black crayons, while different colors serve as the interior coloring. The water is blue. Along each side are 20 large thumb tacks, with a slip of paper on which is typewritten the name of a prominent place. At corresponding places on the map are similar thumb tacks. A clamp connected by a 4-ft. wire to a flashlight bulb in the upper left-hand corner is used to attach to one of the thumb tacks at the side. When a spike connected by a second 4-ft. wire to one of the poles of a battery is touched to the thumb tack at the corresponding place on the map, the bulb lights up."

"On the back of the map, wire connects the location on the map with the name at the side, the ends passing through the hole where the thumb tack is inserted, the point of the thumb tack being bent to hold it. A wire connects the other pole of the battery to the bulb."

"Along the top of the map are also five differently colored painted bulbs. Beneath each is a typewritten name of an important industry, such as coal, iron, petroleum, silk raising and cattle and sheep raising. Small thumb tacks are placed on the map where these industries are carried on most extensively. When the spike touches one of these small thumb tacks, the proper bulb lights."

"The thumb tacks belonging to the same industry are connected to each other and the proper bulb by a wire on the back of the map. The bulb is also connected with the battery. The wire used is No. 18 bell wire. The back of the map is covered by manila paper."



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Easily Made of Simple Materials

THOSE stubborn snowstorms of late February and early March will give you an excellent chance to enjoy the full one of the latest products of the Experimental Lab—a snow scooter, simply constructed from materials that any boy can find available. The snow scooter bears the same resemblance to the summer-time variety that ice skates do to rollers. All you need is a few pieces of wood, some flakes of snow and a hill. And you don't really need the hill if you have motive power other than gravity.

The runner is 41 in. long by 6 in. wide and is made from a piece of $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. hard wood like maple. The front end is pointed, the curve starting about 15 in. from the point. This point is steamed and bent up like the front of a ski. A groove is dug in the bottom of the runner along the middle.

The seat is made of wood, a block of

which is screwed to the runner. There are two side pieces and a top. The two side pieces are made from 1-in. stock and are 10 in. wide at the bottom and 5 in. wide at the top. The back edges are curved and the front ones straight. The height of the side piece is 18 in. If a lower seat is desired, this dimension can be changed to 12 in. or so, which will make it easier to balance.

The block is of hard wood 10 in. long, $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide and 2 in. thick. This is screwed to the runner by five wood screws, put through the bottom of the runner and countersunk. The side pieces are bolted with two $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. stove bolts run through the block. The block and side pieces are placed 4 in. from

The Story of the Snow Shovel

HERE is a story which you can read with profit. It was told to us just the other day.

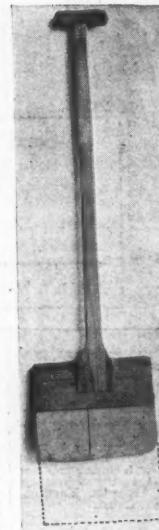
Fifty years ago a New England boy set out to make a snow shovel. His tools consisted of a hammer, a saw, a gimlet, a small block plane, a jackknife and screwdriver, and his shop was an unused henhouse in the back yard.

Among the lumber on the place he found a basswood board 14 in. wide and $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick. From it he sawed a piece 18 in. long for the blade. He couldn't have made a better choice, for basswood is light, yet strong enough for the purpose, and also has the great advantage of not being easily split by nails or screws.

With his knife and the plane he beveled one end of the board to a thin edge. For a batten across the other end, to serve the double purpose of strengthening the blade and of giving a little pitch to the handle, he used a piece of clapboard, which he fastened in place with twelve screws.

The handle he whittled from a spruce board 4 in. wide. He left it of the full width at the bottom, but reduced the rest of it to a width of 2 in. The lower end of that, too, he planed to an edge, so that when placed on the blade it stood at the proper angle. Then he fastened blade and handle together with five screws. For the grip he whittled out a short cross bar, let the handle into it $\frac{1}{4}$ in. and nailed the cross bar on with ten-penny cut nails. The shovel was finished. The only "out" about it was that the boy didn't use measurements, but worked by the eye, which is not always to be trusted; consequently he didn't set his handle in the middle of the blade.

Now, there is nothing remarkable in a boy's building a snow shovel. Any boy who has skill at all with tools could do it. But what is re-



Fifty years old—veteran among snow shovels



This seal on manufactured products certifies tests made by the Y. C. Lab



Member Sawyer trying out the snow scooter

The Secretary's Note

A MAJOR project which the Lab will announce as soon as the weather is more appropriate is a shack. Councilor Harriman has for some time been at work on design and specifications, and has now completed his task. A boy can have no finer possession than some place of his own for work, for meetings or any purpose which comes to mind. Sometimes a basement or an attic does well, but nothing has quite the thrill of the building which he has himself created and in which he is the supreme authority.

In the spring an actual shack will be constructed in the vicinity of Boston by the boys of the Lab. Details will be published. Later a new Y. C. Lab bulletin will give further specifications. It is not too early to indicate your desire to receive this bulletin when published, although you should be careful to note that it will not be issued until spring.

Questions and Answers

Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "Any Member, Associate Member or Applicant who has filed his first project has the privilege of calling for any technical information he desires from the Director, who will designate the Councilor to reply, without cost or obligation to the Member. All Councilors must respond promptly to any request by Members."

Q.—I am coming along fine with my Cinderella, but don't expect to finish it for quite some time. Would you please tell me how far the rear edge of the seat is placed from the rear of the original Ford dash? I have no way of finding out, because I haven't any cross-bar battery frame. Is there anything you could substitute for the trim, as I find aluminum a little expensive and hard to get? Associate Member Ronald Cramer, 2150 2nd St. N. E., Canton, Ohio.

A.—By Governor Shumway: The distance from the auxiliary dash to the lower edge of the seat back support is $43\frac{1}{8}$ in. This is along the floor boards, of course. The seat back support is tilted at an angle, as is explained in the book.

I don't know of anything cheaper than the aluminum trim. This is very easy to work and seems to be just the material for the job. This rod or trim comes in brass, but that would be more expensive than the aluminum. I think you would find it in some of the body-building or repairing shops in your town. There are usually shops where smashed cars are repaired, and in these places you will be able to get this trim. We paid 13 cents per running foot here in Wollaston for it.

Q.—If you pumped air into the boiler of a steam engine, would it increase the power? Associate Member Maurice Taylor, Mineral Center, Minn.

A.—By Councilor Townsend: Air in a steam cycle is not very good. If the engine exhausts into a vacuum, the air makes a high vacuum difficult to maintain. Even the presence of air in water requires extra pumps in the condensing equipment. Air contains no large amounts of heat and hence does not develop power on expansion as does steam. Further, the air would have to be compressed to enter the boiler. This operation takes power which would not be regained.

Proceedings

Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "There shall be published every week in The Youth's Companion the current proceedings of the Y. C. Experimental Lab at Wollaston, Mass."

JAN. 18: Started another turbine, using the same design but correcting our mistakes. Finished the mail holder and applied the ground coat of paint.

JAN. 19: Painted the mail holder in gray enamel and appropriate colors for the trees and fence, the little ornaments on it. The turbine is not yet functioning properly. We must study our design further.

JAN. 20: Finished another slide for the electric lamp. Started work on two more engines. Members MacDonald and Boughtwood have decided to make something of their own. They have a free hand.

JAN. 21: Began a footstool with curved legs. This went rapidly. It was all cut out and fitted together at six o'clock. The young engineers are very busy; they are off by themselves in a corner, and the rest of us know not what they are doing.

JAN. 22: Finished the footstool and will upholster the little cushion when we have suitable material for it. We are learning a few things about the building of steam engines, and we feel that shortly we'll have something more definite to report.

JAN. 24: Took down the steam engine and rebuilt the valves which seemed to be giving the trouble. Didn't have time to test it. Applied a good many coats of Murphy's Black Lacquer to the stool. We are trying to get a dull ebony finish to it. The little seat is to be finished in bright red leather. Cast two doorstops in lead from the pattern of the old owl we did sometime back. These are to be used as book-ends in the Director's office. He has so many big books on his desk that ordinary book-ends either collapse or skid. Hence the nine-pound door-stops.



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It is understood that this request involves no obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

88-W

MISCELLANY

(Continued from page 141)

think of it ending, here in this hamlet, among the flies and the children with all of us partaking of tea and potatoes, my rescuers telling of their exploits, and eight hundred yards to the westward the battle popping and sputtering to its close."

OLD MAN LONG AGO

*Yesterday, at dip of dusk,
While the light was still
Gold across the treetops
And amber over the hill,
While the moon was swinging low,
I saw, as plain as plain,
Old man Long Ago
Coming down our lane,
Leaning on his cane.*

*His shabby shoes were dusty brown,
And briars were in his coat,
But he hummed a little tune
Down in his throat;
The rusty buckles at his knees
Would hardly hold together,
But in his hat he wore astant
A bright, brave feather.
He leaned upon his knobby stick,
He curtsied to the moon,
A far-off look upon his face
And a quaver in his tune,
A wrinkled look about his eyes
Of time and wind and weather.
Then with a chuckle on he went
Beneath his bobbing feather.*

*Some see this and some see that,
As soon as shadows fall;
Some see little, and some see much,
And some see nothing at all.
But I saw at dip of dusk,
Just as plain as plain,
(A jolly feather in his hat
Tipped with red—as plain as that)
Old man Long Ago
Coming down our lane,
Leaning on his cane.*

—NANCY BYRD TURNER

HOW RUSTY FOUND A MOTHER

THIS, says Mr. Courtney Ryley Cooper in the delightful book about menageries and their inmates which he calls "Lions 'n' Tigers 'n' Everything," is the story of Rusty.

Rusty weighed about a pound and a half, but he had his own ideas about getting along in life. He was a tiny, rhesus monkey, undersized even for that species, and the object of persecution by the whole cage. His mother was tubercular; that disease causes the death of nearly ninety per cent of the rhesus monkeys that are brought to this country. She was too weak to defend her young one. The result was that Rusty was picked on by every member of the big cage. Then, one day, the mother died.

The baby clung to the body of its sole protector until the menagerie men took the inanimate body away. Then, a tiny mite in the midst of a horde of ruffians, Rusty strove to stand his ground. In vain. His own father, one of the "cage bosses," led in the ruffianism, pulling out his hair, snarling at him, biting him and slapping him. Rusty went from grating to grating, from trapeze to bar, while the rest of the cage followed him with the exception of one, a female that a month or so before had lost her own baby. And Rusty as he fled chattered to her, grinned at her, and when the persecution reached its highest pitch jumped straight for her and snuggled into her arms.

For a moment she did not respond. But Rusty chattered on. The "cage bosses"—every monkey house has three or four of these bullies that appear to take a delight in making life as rough as possible for the weaker ones—gathered about him, pulling and picking at him, and incidentally taking a few pokes at the babyless mother that had allowed him to come to her arms. For a while she stood it, her arms gradually tightening about the little orphan. Then, at last, her mother nature asserted itself.

That was a bad day for the bosses. She bit them until their sides were red with blood. She knocked them from one side of the cage to the other, chased them to the trapezes and clung by her teeth to any legs that happened to be trailing; finally she

(Continued on page 145)



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Blue

The G.Y.C.

"The Girls of The Youth's Companion"—Join now!

Our aim: greater knowledge,
skill and happiness through
enterprises which lead to suc-
cessful achievements.

Our Members' Column



Above, left—Doris K.
Kellogg (15) Texas



Above, right—Mary
Susan Brookhart (18)
Kansas



Left—Ethelwyn Hine
(17) Washington,
D. C.

PROMOTED TO ACTIVE G. Y. C. MEMBERSHIP

AN IMPORTANT WORD ABOUT YOUR RECORD DIARIES

AS Active Members of The G. Y. C. you should keep a record of your achievements. The form of a diary is good. Date each of your enterprises when you begin and finish it, and when you write it up cover its unsuccessful points as well as its successful ones. You may not undertake a new enterprise for a week or two—or you may be able to cover four or five at once! Whatever happens, whatever you do, it is worth recording! And write to us about it, so that your achievements may all be entered in the G. Y. C. Book and also may be considered for publication prizes.

Any strongly bound notebook that you buy, or, better still, make yourself, is good for your records. If you want some help on how to make a diary, you can find the directions that the G. Y. C. Workbox made on Page 866 of your November 11, 1926 Companion; or send me a stamped self-addressed envelope for them.

A Question: Is your G. Y. C. Record Diary one that you would be willing to send in to compete for a G. Y. C. scholarship prize—or a Treasure Chest award?

An Answer: If it isn't, it should be! Can we help you to make it one that you are proud of?

THE TREASURE CHESTS

SOME of you have asked me for more details about the G. Y. C. Treasure Chests: Here they are!

I. Four G. Y. C. Treasure Chests are awarded each year. Two will go to Active Branch Clubs, two to Active or Contributing Members.

II. The Chests are awarded twice a year, in June and in December, to the Branch Clubs and Members who report the greatest amount of money in their bank accounts or treasures earned and saved since joining the G. Y. C.

III. Your neat and detailed reports must be in by June 1 and December 1. A reminder will appear in this column when they are almost due.

IV. The work of individual club members counts in the report for the whole club. Your prizes, club dues, the results of any individual or club sales, all count.

Return to Hazel Grey

The G.Y.C., 8 Arlington St., Boston

Dear Hazel: I should like to know (you may check one or both):

....How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by myself and how to win the pin and all the advantages of a Member of the G. Y. C.

OR

....How to form a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Corresponding, Active and Contributing Members for us all.

(Please Print Clearly in Pencil)

My name is.....

I am.....years old.

Address.....

G. Y. C. Workbox Enterprise No. 25—Yarn Weaving

I. The Envelope or Under-arm Bag:

A new handicraft—rapid, simplified tapestry weaving—found its way to the G. Y. C. Workbox, and it looked so delightful that all activities on the new house were temporarily suspended while the girls tried it out. It is great fun to do, is inexpensive and takes no time at all. The bags are ever so useful, too, besides being awfully good-looking when they are woven to match one's costume.

The materials came in a compact envelope and consisted of a needle, a piece of coarse screenlike net, four colors of yarn and an instruction sheet.

As the net is quite stiff, it is not necessary to stretch it on a frame, but it is weighted to the table with a flatiron or some other heavy object, or it may be held stationary by thumb tacks along the top edge of the table. Care should be taken not to crush the net, but it can be held rolled in the hand as the weaving proceeds.

The net is woven in straight, perpendicular stitches, starting at the lower right-hand corner and working from right to left, one row across at a time.

The greatest charm about yarn weaving is the extraordinary effects that can be obtained without following any design. More elaborate under-arm or envelope bags follow closely any conventional design—filet patterns are good, as are the Indian designs, such as those used for Navaho sweaters. The Workbox girls made up their design as they went along, having started off with no pattern. Here is the one they used:

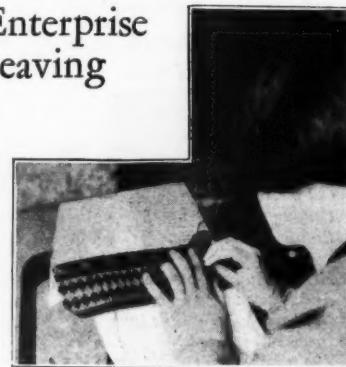


The envelope bag, showing the front snapper lap and the contrasting lining

As you can see, the result was very pretty and unusual looking, as well as original.

After the weaving was finished the woven net was ironed under a damp cloth.

A handle-strap was made by braiding



Lucille starts on the second section of the G. Y. C. envelope bag design

three strands containing three lengths of yarn each. This was knotted at each end and sewed to the center back of the bag. A little tab was put in the center front edge of the overlap by making seven buttonhole stitches on the edge, then making five stitches over the seven and, finally, three over the five. A snapper-eye sewed into the center of this tab fastens to a snapper sewed into the front center, half an inch above the bottom of the bag.

The lining was tan silk, to harmonize with the tan yarn.

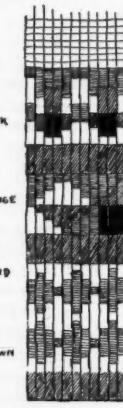
This was first basted all round the edges, then sewed on with a slip stitch. Two little change pockets, $4\frac{1}{2}$ by $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, were sewed to the lining as added conveniences for change, a mirror or a handkerchief.

Then the woven net was folded up into three sections and the edges of the bottom third sewed up onto the center third, leaving the top third as the overlap. A buttonhole stitch covered the raw edges at the sides.

This envelope bag is lovely, and it was great fun to make it!

II. A Chenille Bag:

A soft and charming bag is woven with cotton chenille on pliable, colored net and trimmed with beads. The completed bag closely resembles loom weaving, although no frame or loom is required.



This is the G. Y. C. envelope bag design

All the materials come neatly packed in an outfit with complete instructions for making a chenille bag of 9 by 10 inches or a pillow top of 11 by 24 inches. Three colors of chenille are in each outfit, with net and beads to match, and also a 6-inch blunt needle and thumb tacks.

Orange square-meshed net was used for the foundation of this bag. The colors of chenille used by the Workbox were: orange, white speckled with black, and black chenille.

The net should first be stretched taut and straight on a board or table and held in place with thumb tacks, the thick threads of the mesh going up and down. Two strands of chenille are woven into each row of mesh with a darning stitch going under and over the heavy threads of the mesh. Each row of the net should be woven over and under alternate threads. Leave four meshes of the net unwoven on all sides.

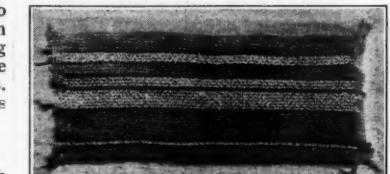
When the bag is finished, sew it up across the bottom and up one side.

The G. Y. C. Workbox lined the bag with orange silk and added a small change pocket gathered to the inside lining about halfway up one side. For a gathered bag, six 1-inch loops of the chenille, or bone rings, should be sewed on 1 inch from the top and a cord, made by twisting a black and orange strand of chenille together, pulled through these as the draw string. This cord is knotted at the ends and finished off with two black or orange wooden beads at each end. If an ungathered top is wanted, featherbone stiffening or a metal bag top can be used.

The bottom of this bag is trimmed with a



Here is the completed chenille bag



The net, stretched taut and straight with thumb tacks onto a lap-board

fringe made by cutting pieces of the chenille into 5-inch lengths, alternating orange with black, and then knotting them through on the inside of the lining.

When the bag is quite finished it should be brushed to remove lint and pressed.

Would You Like to Try Yarn Weaving?

If you would, I can get you outfits like these we used at the Workbox, and they come in different combinations of lovely colors.

The envelope bag is \$1.00, which includes the net and yarn for one 5-by-9½ bag, besides a needle and a sheet of directions that you'll always have if you want to make another.

No. 5—Blue, henna, tan and black
No. 6—Old blue, light blue, blue-gray and black
No. 7—Dark green, light green, tan and black
No. 8—Dark brown, orange, tan and black

Complete chenille bag outfits are \$1.50 and include the darning net, the chenille and nine wooden beads, besides a needle, an instruction leaflet and thumb tacks that you can always use.

No. 1—Rose, gray and black, with rose net and black beads
No. 2—Old blue, French blue, white specked with blue, with blue net and blue beads
No. 3—Dark green, light green and grey, with green net and green beads
No. 4—Orange, black and white specked with black, and orange net with black beads

Prices include postage—please order your color combination by number.



Dress from Filene's

on the second floor to be a model and inexpensive girl's bedroom. The other room, which is larger and has a north exposure, two large windows and a stunning view, is going to be a "studio"; we can hardly wait to have them start in on it.

The whole family sends love to you.

Your affectionate niece,

Betty

Filene's has started to import these lovely crystal choker necklaces for \$1.00. They have them now in all crystal or in crystal beads with a jet, topaz, sapphire, amethyst or rose-colored rondell alternating with each bead. If you would like one or a dress, I'll be glad to shop for you.

Hazel Grey.

8 Arlington Street

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*A Wonderful Bargain
in Selected Novelty Plants and Seeds*

TREE STRAWBERRY EVERBEARING

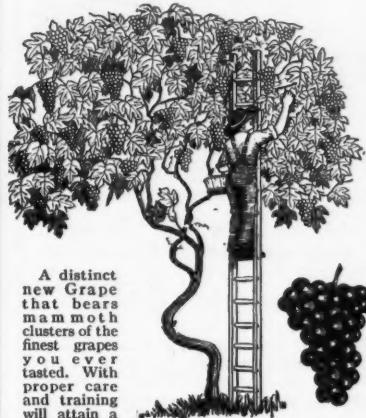


The Tree Strawberry is the largest and most beautiful of all berries. Bears beautiful large ruby-red fruit all summer and fall. The bright red berries showing a striking contrast to the large white blossoms.

This bush with its glossy green leaves makes a very ornamental plant. Besides giving you a constant crop of the finest berries for jelly and jam. The canes die down in winter but soon shoot up again in the spring getting larger and better every year, giving many extra plants.

Prices: 3 for 50 cents; 8 for \$1.00

TREE GRAPES



A distinct new Grape that bears mammoth clusters of the finest grapes you ever tasted. With proper care and training will attain a height of more than ten feet in a single season and begin to bear the second season after planting.

The Tree Grape is equally desirable for its novelty, wonderful productiveness and flavor. The single berry is unusually large and forms massive, compact bunches. It is fine for eating fresh and makes Grape Juice that is rich and heavy.

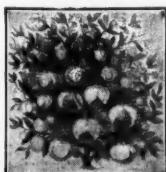
Prices: 3 for \$1.00; 10 for \$2.50

Banana Muskmelon

This melon surpasses all others in its delicious fragrance. It grows from 18 to 36 inches in length and from 2 to 4 inches thick, and is very prolific. It looks almost like an overgrown banana. Has a flavor all its own. Try it.



Wonder Bush Cherry



Grows about 18 inches high and bears heavy crops of the best flavored fruit you ever tasted. Although many use the fruit raw, all claim it makes better pies than tree cherries. The Wonder Bush Cherry bears fruit 8 weeks after planting. Give it a trial.

Vine Peach



This wonderful Vegetable Peach presents a beautiful appearance when canned; makes delicious preserves and sweet pickles and is fine for pies. Grows from seed in 80 days. Very prolific.

Yard Long Bean



This is an excellent variety, as well as being an interesting curiosity. The vines are rampant growers and produce an enormous crop of long slender, round pods that are excellent for snap beans. Produce late in the summer, very prolific, tender, and of fine flavor.

Yellow Garden Pear

A wonderfully flavored novelty. The bushes grow from two to three feet high and bear pear-shaped fruit, very spicy and juicy. Nothing better for pickles and preserves.

Red Garden Pear

Same as the Yellow Garden Pear described above, but red in color.

Japanese Giant Radish

This is the great Sakurajima Radish of Japan. The largest Radish grown often attaining a weight of more than 25 pounds.

The flesh is solid, firm and brittle and has an excellent flavor. A real "novelty" to most Americans.



Garden Huckleberry

Grows from seed the first year. A new fruit that cannot be excelled for pies and preserves. Very prolific. Cooked with apples or lemon it makes the finest of jellies. Must be planted from seed each year. It is easy to grow and you will like it.

Japanese Climbing Cucumber

A distinct new cucumber from Japan. The vines are extra strong and vigorous, and great climbers, producing a surprising amount of superior fruit on poles, fences, etc.

Yields three times the usual crop from a given area. Fine for slicing and pickles.



Snake Cucumber

A rare new novelty, this curious Cucumber resembles nothing so much as a long green snake. It often grows six feet long. Plant early for best results.



Ground Almonds

A delicious nut, with flavor resembling the Cocoonut or the Almond. The meat is snow-white, covered with a thin brown shell. Is very prolific, a single nut yielding from 200 to 300 nuts in a hill. Will do well in any kind of soil.



Prices on Novelty Seeds, 5 pkts. 50c; 11 pkts. for \$1.00 postpaid

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The Y. C. Shop

Direction The Youth's Companion

Eight Arlington St.
Boston, Mass.

MISCELLANY

(Continued from page 143)

drove the whole outfit into a corner, there to chatter her defiance to them in a monkey harangue that evidently had some purpose—and wonderful results. Rusty never was bothered again. What is more, the stepmother accepted him as her own child, an affectionate mother and good son—as simians go—they still occupy the monkey house in peace.

WHEN TAFT "KIDDED" ROOSEVELT

CHIEF JUSTICE TAFT, who has the distinction of having been both President of the United States and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, is one of the most humorous and good-tempered of public men. In the course of a series of lectures he delivered some years ago at Columbia University he had occasion to speak of the attitude of various Presidents toward the use of unusual, or, as it may be said, "implied," powers of the Executive. After explaining Mr. Roosevelt's ideas on that subject, Mr. Taft, who had a few years before had the historic quarrel with Mr. Roosevelt which led to Woodrow Wilson's election to the Presidency, went on thus:

"I may add that Mr. Roosevelt by way of illustrating his meaning as to the differing usefulness of Presidents divides the Presidents into two classes and designates them as 'Lincoln Presidents' and 'Buchanan Presidents.' In order more fully to illustrate his division of Presidents on their merits, he places himself in the Lincoln class of Presidents and me in the Buchanan class. The identification of Mr. Roosevelt with Mr. Lincoln might otherwise have escaped notice, because there are many differences between the two, presumably superficial, which would give the impartial student of history a different impression."

"It suggests a story which a friend of mine told of his little daughter, Mary. As he came walking home after a business day, she ran out from the house to greet him, all aglow with the importance of what she wished to tell him. She said: 'Papa, I am the best scholar in the class.' The father's heart throbbed with pleasure as he inquired: 'Why, Mary, you surprise me. When did the teacher tell you? This afternoon?' 'Oh, no,' Mary's reply came, 'the teacher didn't tell me; I just noticed it myself.'

THE ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM

THE recent controversy over the propriety of using the expression Xmas for Christmas recalls to the Boston Transcript a proposal to alter the last part of the word.

An attempt was made in the British House of Commons some years ago to have "Christmas" changed to "Christide," on the ground that it was unfitting in a Protestant nation to call a holiday by a name containing the term "mass." Answering this argument, a witty member protested that Christmas might not like to have its name so changed, and turning to the author of the resolution, Thomas Massey-Massey, he inquired: "How would you like to have your name changed to Thotide Tidey-Tidey?"

THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

There are all sorts of motion pictures, and it is by no means easy to get trustworthy information about which ones are clean and entertaining; not merely "unobjectionable," but worth seeing. The Youth's Companion gives its readers this list, revised every week, of the pictures that it thinks good enough to recommend. We shall be glad to have our readers tell us whether they find the list valuable, and the pictures well chosen.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BLUE-RIBBON LIST

Lone-Hand Saunders—F. B. O.
A surgeon who has turned cowboy resumes his profession to save an orphan's life. Fred Thompson and Silver King

Upstage—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
A conceited little variety performer learns humility and consideration for others. Norma Shearer and Oscar Shaw

Tell it to the Marines—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
The soul of the Marine Corps engagingly pictured. Lon Chaney, William Haines

One Increasing Purpose—William Fox
A screen version of Mr. Hutchinson's novel of the World War veteran who aspired to lead the world into the Kingdom of Heaven. Edmund Lowe, Lila Lee

The Auctioneer—William Fox
The joys and sorrows of a Jewish immigrant sympathetically pictured. George Sidney

The Fire Brigade—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
A romantic melodrama, built on the faithfulness and courage of our firemen. Charles Ray, May McAvoy

A Style for Every Home, a Price for Every Purse, and Terms for Every Income.



"When
our Jean is old enough"
you say—

THE time to train little fingers in the way of the scales is when they are still quite small. Fortunately, is the child who has grown up with a piano, knowing the feel of its keys and loving its fullness of tone. That deep, inner appreciation of good music is certain to result from such constant association.

Though the time to buy a piano is when the child is young, be sure the piano is built to retain its tone throughout the child's growing years.

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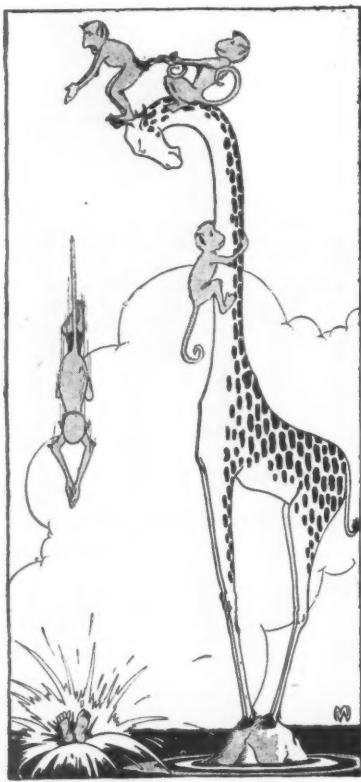
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Drawing by Merton E. Whitten

THE ACCOMMODATING GIRAFFE

BY RUSSELL GORDON CARTER

Said Jocko to the tall Giraffe:
"Let's all go down to Rangoon Bay;
The water's fine, the sun is bright—
Let's all go swimming for the day."

"I wish I could," his friend replied,
And gave a little rasping cough;
"But see, I'm troubled with a cold—
And water makes my spots come off."

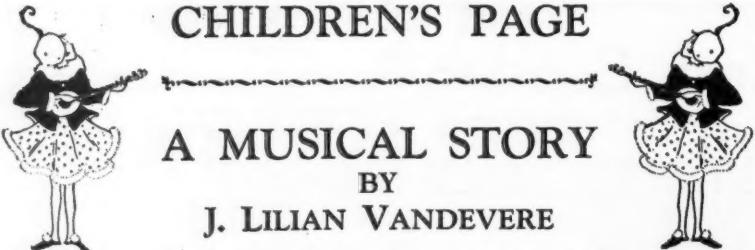
And so they hit upon this plan,
Which held for all a fair reward:
The monkeys swam in Rangoon Bay,
Their tall friend served as diving-board!

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GIVE A PLAY?

We have two lovely spring plays all ready to send you. One is "The Planting of the Trees"; the other, "The Coming of the Flowers." They are written with music and suggestions for costumes and stage settings. The plays cost fifteen cents apiece. If you would like to have your copy sent right off to you, send fifteen cents in stamps to me; tell me which play you want and I'll send it off to you right away.



Over the snow bold Tommy skied,
Down the hill at terrific speed.
He couldn't stop! Oh, no, indeed.



CHILDREN'S PAGE

A MUSICAL STORY

BY
J. LILIAN VANDEVERE

ALITTLE girl named sat in her hammock, swinging. Tomorrow was Mother's birthday, and she had made a pretty handkerchief for a birthday gift. It was hemmed neatly, and now she was sewing lace around the .

It was quiet, there on the porch. was buzzing about the rambler rose bush, and in a shining Dicky, the canary, was singing his finest tune. Then he stopped to chirp.

"You needn't , said the little girl. "I you every morning. If you want some , you must wait till time for lunch."

Then along the street came two of the little girl's friends, and his sister was a Boy

Scout, and today he was very proud because he had just earned a new His was all smiles as came running to meet them.

"I'm going on a hike," he said, "and sleep in the woods. How would you like a blanket for a ?"

The little girl's smile .

"It's too bad we're not old enough to be Girl Scouts," said , "but when we are we'll take hikes, too. Come on, , we must go to

the market for that .

"Come, dear," called Mother's voice, "come and pack your .

We're going to Grandma's for the week-end."

The little girl ran into the house. "It's just as much fun in the country as it is on a hike!" she said as she began packing.

ECHO'S GRIEF

How the Narcissus Got Its Name

BY LOCKWOOD BARR

THE Greeks, endowed with great imagination, had the pleasant habit of making up a reason for all things they could not understand. The echo so intrigued them that they told themselves that it was a beautiful maiden, the daughter of Earth and Air, and they called her Echo.

She fell in love with a young man more perfect in face and form than any other in heaven or on the earth. There were no mirrors in those days, so this youth had never seen himself and went his way on the Olympian heights not knowing of his manly beauty or the havoc he wrought in maidens' hearts.

One day, just at evening, high up in the mountains in the forest primeval, he stooped down to drink from a rockbound crystal pool. Therein he saw a face so beautiful that he fell in love at first sight and lost his heart

forever and his reason. There he would sit day after day, feasting his eyes upon the reflection in the pool, not knowing, of course, that it was his own.

He would pay no more attention to Echo. She fled higher up into the mountains, and there she pined away until only her voice remained, to haunt the world to this day. For Echo still answers every call, always hoping that it is her young god calling her back to him.

Stern old Nemesis, whose duty it was to deal out justice, heard the story, and when she found the youth at his pool decreed he should remain there forever; and she turned him into a spring flower.

Some people call the flowers daffodils, but the Greeks call them narcissus, after Echo's foolish young god, for that was his name.



Drawing by Jack Kerwin

SPEED

BY
JULIA GREENE

Knocked feet from under Kitty Fluff, Who was walking along with her stylish muff— She might have thought him a little rough.

But he picked her up as quick as a wink, Before that kitten had time to think, And said, "Come with me to skate at the rink!"



A CHARMING PERSON

By Pringle Barret



A little girl has come to town
Whose name is Anabel Fitzbrown.

She wears such frills and fancy clothes
As all about the town she goes

That everyone is asking, "Do
You know that little girl?
Do you?"

Now I confess such things as
clothes
And fancy frills and furbelows

Have never interested me
To any very large degree.

Still, I think Anabel Fitzbrown
The sweetest little girl in town;

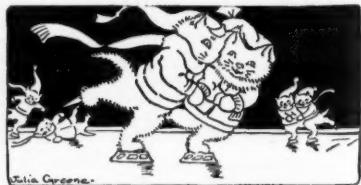
Not for the very latest style
Of all her clothes, but for the smile

She always wears, the way she greets
The people that by chance she meets.

She bows with such a simple grace
And lifts so sweet a smiling face

And seems so glad to know
that you
Are happy to have met her, too,

That everyone who lives in
town
Is fond of Anabel Fitzbrown.



"Oh," gasped Kitty Fluff, "don't care if I do!"
Then swiftly over the ice they flew.
The other cats cried, "They have speed, 'tis true!"



Midnight, March 1

As the clocks all over the land are striking the hour of twelve, midnight, on Tuesday, March 1, the most remarkable subscription contest ever conducted by The Youth's Companion will come to a close.

*Below is the last list
we can publish*

THE distribution of 200 prizes representing a total value of \$7,425 awaits the outcome. Although there are but four days left, much can happen in that time. So don't rest content until the last moment of time has passed and every possible order has been secured. A difference of even one subscription might place you ahead of your nearest competitor and make a difference of many dollars in your prize.

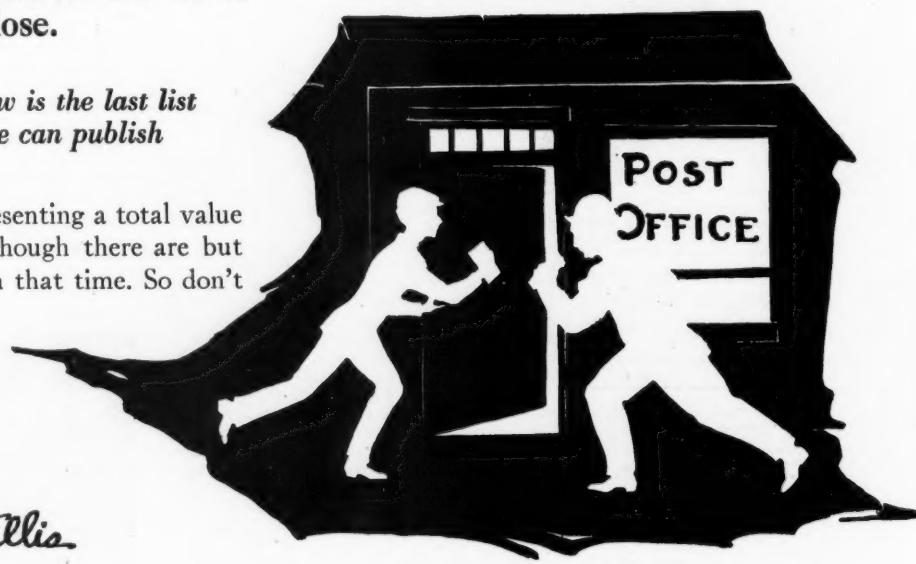
Mason Williss

MAKE EVERY MOMENT COUNT

In fairness to all contestants, and in order that no handicap may be placed upon those who live at a distance from our office, we have arranged that all orders you place in the mail at *your* post office up to midnight, March 1, will be counted in the Anniversary Contest. It will *not* be necessary, therefore, to allow any time out for mail to reach us — you can work up to the very last.

How the Contest Looked on January 28th. The Last Bulletin — But NOT the Final Standing

CLASS 1	Mrs. S. T. R. Revell, Georgia	274	Josephine Bane, West Va.	23	Wallace C. Rice, California	12	Alice C. Norton, Maine	9	Mrs. Eliza Fasig, Illinois
CLASS 2	Mrs. A. G. Page, Iowa	22	Emerson E. Strohman, Wis.	23	Albert A. Rose, Kansas	12	Rulon W. Oldham, Utah	9	Mrs. Nina Ferguson, New York
L. C. Shank, New Mexico	230	Arthur Santmier, Oklahoma	22	Alva Runyon, Iowa	12	Paul L. Reynolds, Ohio	9	Theodore E. Fischer, Pa.	
CLASS 3	Ernest Evans, Pennsylvania	21	Isabel Jane Clove, California	20	Mrs. I. E. Tackett, Texas	12	Daniel H. Sanders, Jr., N. Y.	9	Lois Fristoe, Illinois
Carter H. Rice, Alabama	213	James R. Hull, Illinois	20	W. J. Collins, Michigan	11	John S. Warfel, Pennsylvania	9	Mrs. Levi A. Groves, Ont., Can.	
CLASS 4	Newsome Bros., Iowa	19	Wm. H. Krotne, Florida	11	Elinor F. Warren, Mass.	9	Lawrence Harmon, Mississippi		
Nellie E. Detwiler, Ohio	178	Mrs. D. A. Colter, Alberta, Can.	18	William R. Lenz, New York	11	Constance Barton, B. C., Can.	8	Walter M. Hart, Kansas	
CLASS 5	Edwin W. Kibbe, New York	18	J. E. Lipacible, Jr., Virginia	11	Margaret A. Brown, Pa.	8	Sarah E. Haynes, Oregon		
Mrs. E. P. Harling, Kansas	134	John C. Baker, Indiana	17	C. B. McMillan, North Dakota	11	Ralph E. Hellman, Pa.	7	Ralph E. Hellman, Pa.	
CLASS 6	Bess F. Blanding, Illinois	17	Chas. R. Stark, 3rd, D. C.	17	Mary D. Salter, Ontario, Can.	11	Jane Host, Michigan	7	Jane Host, Michigan
Rachel S. Brown, Maine	85	Gerald Carner, New York	16	Mrs. C. C. Tillotson, Wisconsin	11	F. L. Burkhardt, Minnesota	8	Phyllis Huntley, Pennsylvania	
CLASS 7	Mrs. Wm. R. Doel, Mass.	76	Mrs. J. E. Channell, Georgia	16	Rudolph B. Watson, Jr., N. Y.	11	Mary B. Campbell, Tennessee	8	C. C. Ingalls, Indiana
CLASS 8	H. R. & C. Hanson, Newfd.	16	H. R. & C. Hanson, Newfd.	16	Geo. F. Wood, Massachusetts	11	James W. Caulkett, Pa.	8	John W. Irving, Pennsylvania
R. W. Starr, Pennsylvania	70	Laura A. Hatch, Illinois	16	Barbara C. Beakes, Pa.	10	Harold Conklin, North Dakota	8	Dana W. Jaquith, Maine	
CLASS 9	Mrs. C. M. Miller, Nebraska	16	Ardo Carmitchel, Pa.	10	Sam Jackson, Oregon	10	Mrs. R. S. Copeland, Pa.	8	Howard Johnson, Jr., D. C.
Chester Ashby, Virginia	15	T. Knowlton Chaffee, Jr., R. I.	10	James E. McKinney, West Va.	10	Joe Daugherty, Virginia	8	M. & Margaret Kantz, Calif.	
Russell Moran, California	15	Hazel M. Cunningham, Indiana	10	Mrs. A. C. Lowell, Maine	10	Louis Dean, New York	8	Mrs. Elinor Lamoreaux, Mass.	
F. C. Squires, New York	15	L. & W. Graves, Pennsylvania	10	Verne Johnson, Jr., W. Va.	8	Chloe Deaton, Arkansas	8	Carrie E. Maule, Ohio	
CLASS 10	Malcolm B. Vilas, Jr., Ohio	15	Mrs. John U. Hardison, Maine	10	Mrs. D. A. Kommel, Pa.	8	Elton Morde, Massachusetts	7	Elton Morde, Massachusetts
Carrie O'Neal, Kentucky	53	M. C. Helm, Ohio	10	Mrs. Ray C. Pervier, Illinois	10	Pauline Nash, Ohio	8	Clinton B. Newell, Mass.	
F. T. Swarthout, Michigan	49	Sam Jackson, Oregon	10	Mrs. G. S. Pierce, N. H.	10	Elizabeth Fernald, N. J.	8	Charles F. Pangle, W. Va.	
Mrs. S. L. Dunham, Montana	47	Mrs. C. J. Wendel, Iowa	10	Mrs. J. K. Snodell, Alberta, Can.	10	W. M. Osborn, North Dakota	8	Mrs. M. L. Ridenhour, N. C.	
C. W. Cloud, Illinois	45	H. A. Phelps, Wyoming	13	Walter Spillman, Florida	10	Walter Sindlinger, Ohio	8	John S. Roden, Connecticut	
W. J. Madden, Virginia	39	Stanley Lillian, Washington	13	C. S. Stilwell, Ohio	10	Howard L. Smith, New Jersey	8	Nannie Lou Roth, Arkansas	
Mrs. C. D. Head, Tennessee	38	Mrs. L. A. Bishop, Wyoming	13	Mrs. C. J. Wendel, Iowa	10	Mrs. Henry Way, Texas	8	Cameron Shafer, Michigan	
CLASS 11	Rev. S. G. Hutton, Florida	38	H. A. Phelps, New York	13	Raymond White, Washington	8	Raymond White, Washington	8	Sue M. Sheetz, West Virginia
C. R. Silver, Wisconsin	37	C. Hilton Pitman, Nova Scotia	13	Mrs. E. K. Wyllie, New York	10	Eleanor F. Williams, W. Va.	8	Mrs. J. O. Sibert, Idaho	
Lulu Woodring, Pa.	37	Mrs. W. C. Swank, Pa.	13	Ida D. Adams, Illinois	9	Pauline Nash, Ohio	8	Marion Smale, Illinois	
Mrs. W. W. Roy, New Jersey	36	Harold VanZee, California	13	Beulah Buschert, Alberta, Can.	9	Charles Bayly, Ohio	7	Marion Smith, New York	
Mrs. Core Ferguson, Texas	31	Mrs. Geo. E. Bellows, Missouri	12	F. E. Collins, Mississippi	9	C. N. Bertels, California	7	Peter Ahrens, New York	
Earl O. Anderson, N. H.	30	Richard H. Bertram, N. J.	12	Edward C. Goodbub, Indiana	9	Robert Brink, Ohio	7	Carroll D. Blanchard, Jr., Mass.	
John W. Powers, Missouri	30	Mrs. Charles A. Bisbee, Mass.	12	Mrs. W. S. Harrison, Tennessee	9	Lois C. Brown, Vermont	7	Gordon Brandon, Montana	
Edith Mitchell, Winnipeg, Can.	29	Roland Ketchum, Arkansas	12	Elmer Herrick, Illinois	9	Jean Cass, Minnesota	7	Robert Burdett, Mass.	
James Bockoven, Arizona	28	Anna M. Kordsiemon, Illinois	12	Anne Jackson, Tennessee	9	Hunter Clark, Missouri	7	Roma Butterfield, Nebraska	
Margaret White, Texas	28	Thomas Nash, Montana	12	Mrs. Jessie B. Johnson, S. Dak.	9	C. G. Cockburn, North Dakota	7	Geo. E. Campbell, Maryland	
CLASS 12	Kenneth P. Potter, Pa.	26	Kenneth P. Potter, Pa.	12	Ida Livingston, New Hampshire	9	Ida F. Dawson, Virginia	7	Elinor Chapman, Wisconsin
Mrs. May E. Mitchelson, Conn.	27			Horace Moremen, Florida	9	Neil F. Dinning, Que., Can.	7	Mrs. C. W. Clark, New York	
Eunice A. Ellis, Delaware	26					Mrs. Leanna Driftmier, Iowa	6	Kenneth Coffeen, Kansas	



IMPORTANT!

WITH your final order be sure to state also the total number of new subscriptions you have sent us during the contest. This will enable us to check your count with our record. The 200 winners will be notified by mail about March 21, or as soon thereafter as tabulation is completed. Public announcement of the result of the contest will appear in one of the April issues.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H. or 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.